

"What about that bird over there?" Capone nods towards the mountaineer.

"Dumb!" Dago speaks through the corner of his mouth.

"The kid?"

"O.K." Dago assures Capone. "Italian."

"I see," Capone nods, his eyes narrowing.

"Capone's in the Shoe Shop!" "Hey, Whitey, they assigned Capone to the Shoe Shop." "Say, did you hear? Al's working in the Shoe Shop! Yeah, Capone! In the Shoe Shop!"

Thus, the news of Capone's "soft" assignment raced through the prison. And, of course, we are not amazed at the consternation this assignment causes. Others, however, determine to investigate the authenticity of the rumor. And curious as we have proved we are, we decide to tag along. Deliberately and with satisfaction of curiosity afoot, we each remove one of our rubber heels. There! Now we have a valid and plausible excuse for asking for and being granted permission to visit the

Shoe Shop . . . and see Capone at work (?)

As we enter the building and climb the stairs leading to the first floor, we see to our left many men ironing "whites". . . pillows, sheets - and as we look closer, linen belonging to the civilians and guards employed in the institution. We are not so interested in this just now; we came to see Capone work. He turns to the right, and there, sitting in a large Morris chair, is Capone, a magazine in his right hand, a cigar in the left. He does not look up as one of the inmates approaches us and we explain our difficulty. He removes our shoes, hands them to the inmate, and he attaches new rubber heels. Our eyes, meanwhile, are glued on Capone. No wonder why the guard, standing nearby, does not reprimand him. How pompous he seems sitting there meticulously dressed in his robin-egg blue shirt, black tie, creased and bleached denim pants, silk socks and Florsheim. The Guard must have observed us whispering. He stares at us. "He become frightened."

Then, to our sheer amazement, he walks over to Capone! "What about washing those windows?" he asks, no trace of condescension in his voice.

"No wash what windows?" growls Capone, rolling the magazine into a clublike resemblance,

"Each man's got it to do once a week. You're the new man here, and it's the custom for a new man to do it his first week."

"You're telling me! Yeah? Well, this new man don't wash no windows, See!" reflectively.

"That's how you feel about it?" The guard is uncertain how to proceed with this rebellious celerity.

"Darn' right! And what you going' to do about it?"

Involence! the guard reflects. But dare he do anything about it? It might be easier for one of the ignorant mountaineers to wash the windows, and thus save himself probable embarrassment by a reprimand from his superiors.

"Say, you!" he calls to a 300 pound mountain of flesh busily engaged sweeping the floor. "Drop that broom and get to those windows. They got to be washed."

The mountaineer, who had heard Capone refusing to do the work, strides over to the guard. They are both 'long than five feet from His Majesty as he sits ostentatiously in his comfortable Morris chair.

"I washed them them windows last time, Mister. It aint my turn now," he addresses the guard humbly.

"Well, I'm giving you orders. You'll wash them, or ----"

"Say, that guy aint no better'd me," The mountaineer's lie has been aroused and he is unconscious that he is pointing the broom at Capone. "If he's too damn' good to wash them windows, then, by God, so am I! Aint nobody goin' put nothin' over on me. I been you too long fer that, Mister. I'm just a legurant moonshiner, maybe, and I got fire years yer for makin' a gallon corn liquor, but I aint no killer and no robber, like that guy!" (He shakes the broom at Capone).

"And you all! Aint no man yet cum yer thataint do somethin'. Maybe you all are a big shot outside, but in yer you're just another convict. Like me and everybody else. And ---"

Capone rises from his chair, throws the magazine into the hollow of the cushion he leaves behind, doubles his fists and swings at the mountaineer. His fist lands on the mountaineer's jaw. The mountaineer retreats his broom above his head and brings its straw end down on Capone's

Capone becomes furious. Six inmates rush the mountaineer.

He seems to us like a huge, angry, snarling bull being brought in for slaughter. The broom is cast aside and he grabs the first thing his armed eyes fall upon - a chair. He raises it above his head, twirls it once and hurls it at Capone, now standing back in what he feels is a safe place.

The chair, flying through the air, barely grazes Capone's head, crashing through the window and hangs on the iron bars.

The guard shouts for order. His shouts are ignored as Capone rushes towards and clinches with the mountaineer. The club in the guard's hand cannot be used unless he is struck. His muscles alone to ignore this order. He wants to bring the club down on someone's head, but dares not, without justification. The entire floor is in an uproar. Capone is uncer-

tain just how great is his strength compared to that of the mountaineer's. After all, he begins to realize, the mountaineer has been in prison longer than he, and has many friends of whom he (Capone) is ignorant. It might be best . . . "Wait a minute!" Capone shouts, his hand upraised, his head thrown back. "What the Hell's a matter wit' you guys? This is my story. Now listen, you!" He points a shaking finger at the mountaineer. "You're aimin' to get in the hole. If you don't wanna wash the windows, O.K. Some body else will. But you're goin' to get yourself in a jam if you try to tell me what to do. Get me?"

"I'll wash 'em, Al," an inmate offers. "I don't mind washin' 'em."

The guard orders them to their respective duties, going in this offer a solution to his difficulties. But Hollie he muses, he's got to make a report. "Well, that's that!"

"Capone's on the spot!" "Capone's on the spot!" Capone was clapped in the Shoe Shop! Yeah, got written up!

The rumors spread. Sometimes they are exaggerated conceptions of the incident; again, diminished ones. The prisoners are on edge. They've been waiting for this! Been expecting it. It just had to happen sooner or later. And now . . .

It is the 1:00 P.M. stockade hour. The prisoners employed in the Duck Mill Industries (comprising the majority of inmates) are permitted stockade between 12:30 and 1:00 P.M. They then return to their duties. At 1:00 P.M. the clerical force, kitchen and hospital workers, and a few others, are permitted stockade for an hour. From 2:00 to 3:00 P.M. another group have their stockade period. The Shoe Shop and Tailor Shop details are permitted stockade from 3:30 until 4:30 P.M.

We follow Capone to the Deputy Warden's Office, accompanied by Captain Fry, Captain Head and the guard assigned to the Shoe Shop.

"Well, Capone," begins the Deputy Warden. "You're getting off with a good start. What's the trouble?"

"Aint no trouble," snorts Capone.

The Deputy looks at the guard's written report.

"Mr. Yates seems to think there was. He reports you refused to obey his order to wash the windows. You must remember, you're in the penitentiary!"

"I aint washing no windows, sir!" Capone snaps. "I didn't come here to wash windows. I come here ---"

"Wait a minute! Just a minute!" The Deputy jumps to his feet, anger and rage engulfing him. "This is a penal institution. You are expected to obey the rules and regulations. Every man here has work assigned him. Your duties in the Shoe Shop demand you repair shoes. If there are other duties -- whatever the guard assigns you to do -- you are to perform them. Now, you have my orders. You'll do what you're told to do!"

"I'll go to the hole first!" Capone spits.

"Then you'll go to the hole!" roars the exasperated Deputy

Warden. "Captain -- --"

Capone raises a restraining hand. "No you don't, Deputy. Hold on there a minute. You!" He points his finger at the Deputy Warden. They are less than ten feet apart, facing each other hostilely. Captain Fry, Captain Head and the Guard, Mr. Yates, block the door. "Before you put me in the hole I want to talk to my lawyer. You got no right to put me in the hole. None at all, not me!"

"I have the right to inflict whatever punishment I feel you or anyone else who shows rebellion, deserves. Now you're not going to see your lawyer. And you're not going to tell me how to run this institution! Understand this, Capone. I'm Deputy Warden here. Not you. You'll either obey orders or suffer the consequence for refusing to obey them."

The situation is a dramatic one. Capone's throne is being titles. His face is livid with rage. He is being stripped of his armchair. His coat is removed. In a defiant attitude he places his hands on his hips and stares at the Deputy Warden. Captain Fry and Captain Head look on. Captain Head's fingers tightly gripping his club while Captain Fry's hands are perspiring as they circle the chair; case he always carries. Mr. Yates, tall and stocky, holds his club in readiness. In his eyes shimmers a threatened desire to use it.

"Now let this! Once and for all time, I mean, too! I'll do anything that's reasonable. But I ain't gonna do no window wishin'. I ain't gonna do no floor scrubbin'. And I ain't gonna do nothing you fellas tell me to do if I feel like I'm being humiliated!"

"The King has spoken!" The Deputy, a wise man, and capable of judicious handling, turns in such a crisis, resumes his seat.

"Capone," he says, "are you telling me what you're going to do?"

"No, I'm not. I'm telling you what I want you do. Take it or leave it!"

The Deputy Warden's mind is busy weighing a decision that will avoid trouble, yes, one that will impress upon Capone that he's not going to get by with his attitude.

"Capone, I'm going to dismiss you this time. But bear in mind, the next time you come before me on a report by a guard, I'm going to be less lenient."

As Capone turns and makes his exit the Deputy Warden, Captain Fry, Captain Head and Mr. Yates go into conference. Capone returns to the Shoe Shop.

"What have you, #1?" someone asks.  
I threatened to put 20 in the hole! I'll  
be back!"

"That son-of-a---! I know who he's foolin' with,"  
said Jallor-willid Yutes. "Watch! We don't know who he's foolin' with."

"Well, if I could see him within, I'd go to the hole. Well,  
"Sain' if I come before him within, I'd be torn up  
just as bad as I am now! This God damned scur'll be torn up  
just as bad as I am now! This God damned scur'll be torn up  
just as bad as I am now! I'm no big-pocket booteleger  
but I'm here! I'm not foolin'!"

...and to talk with Mr. ... I wanted to see Mr. ... before first. That threw

now, I will have to search quick time. I know it's there.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL SCIENCES

THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

I. L. Johnson, day 100 on C. & G. His brother John, his wife and son and eight year old niece are seated across from him in the Guard's room. They are not in the regular guard's room. The Guard's room, a large & spacious room, contains a long table, chairs, etc. Wall is lined with lockers. It adjoins the "lunch room". The wall has no sign or name.

Visitors are not allowed to pass any article to an inmate they may desire. One can smokes and kiss at greeting and parting, but hands or any other article belonging to either be handled during the visit. Only the car articles upon which there is writing or printing are allowed. The car articles on which there is writing or printing are to be given to the other. The conversation is carefully conducted. In the same manner, visitors, whatever concerning the institution may be done, no visiting is rigid and strict.

... But his bones have been broken, weep, weep, weep.  
Lying across at his son - a boy of fourteen.  
Lying, still, at his blood-stained piece as she sits on the table toying with  
the child's powdered hair. Guard him, who has the reputation of

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Mr. Wrigley runs the child, and embraces her, kissing her neck and cheek. She is now dressed in a white cotton under-gown, with a blue sash and a blue bow at the waist. Her hair is combed up in a bun, and she wears a blue lace cap. Her arms are tucked about her little waist. His fingers cleap and clasp her cliffs in a soft, quiet, tender, organic dress. His fingers cleap and clasp her cliffs in a soft, quiet, tender, organic dress. His fingers cleap and clasp her cliffs in a soft, quiet, tender, organic dress. His fingers cleap and clasp her cliffs in a soft, quiet, tender, organic dress.

removes it from the thing that fastens it there. He is about to withdraw it when Mr. Hughes rises and speaks.

"Name or that! Cut it! What you got there?"

Capone jumps to his feet, the child in his arms frightened and fearful. The movement enables him to conceal the small parcel in his person. The ensuing excitement caused by the women rising to their feet, their chattering, and Capone's words, frighten the guard.

"Put the kid down," Mr. Hughes gruffly orders.

"Who the hell you talking to?" demands John Capone, rushing towards Mr. Hughes. "That's my brother, get me! I'll break your damned neck if you talk to him like that!"

"I got the right to love the kid, ain't I?" asks Capone, his voice apologetic.

"Maybe you have. But you're not supposed to be slipped some-thing," argues Mr. Hughes.

"Who was slipped something?" begs Capone.

"You! I seen it!" answers Mr. Hughes.

"Listen, you!" John Capone speaks, "when we come visit here we don't come slip Al something, and we don't want no scene. I'll report you to the warden for this, unless you apologize to my brother now. You ain't seen anything, and there's nothing been done wrong," John's voice has become more persuasive as his hand withdraws a wallet from his coat pocket.

"You're not supposed to touch the child again until she leaves,"

Mr. Hughes informs Capone.

"All right," Al answers pointedly, winking at John. "Here, mom, you take her." He hands the child to his mother. The visit ends as a guard steps in and signifies the hour is up.

After affectionate farewells and the promise to return on the morrow, they file out, and are escorted to the front. Capone is then permitted to return to the Shoe Shop. It is the twenty-fourth of the month, and he will receive another visit on the twenty-fifth; and another on the twenty-sixth. Three days! Very much can be accomplished in three days. . . . But

he'll have to arrange for another guard. "Hughes was sorta nasty," he continues to an inmate. "Dangerous. Gotta be more careful next time. Might've searched me and found it. Where the Hell did I put it. Yes, here it is. Well, boys, you're going to get your snow. It'll keep you quiet for another month, anyhow. Have to find another way to get this stuff in. Shouldn't bother with it. Went try to get caught red-handed and the Dep got on my tail again. Son-of-a-----!"

Copone places his neatly leathered foot on the hopper of the Shoe Shop lavatory, withdraws the small parcel from his shirt bosom, and slips it in a slit cut in the cuff of his pants. Safe there, anyhow!

He returns to his Morris chair and relaxes. Almost time to quit work. And shirt done a damn' thing today, mind you. Sure is tired. . .

Reaching his cell a few minutes later he changes pants, knowing the higher parcel in those removed. They are rolled into a bundle and slipped, with a bleached blue shirt and two shorts, in a pillowslip, for laundering. The last place they'd look for anything, if there's a "shakedown." In here, the last place they'd look for anything, mind you. Sometimes there is a thorough search of a man's personal effects. Sometimes there is a thorough search of another inmate, and sometimes a general "shakedown" - when an inmate "figures" another inmate, and are individual "shakedowns" - when it is believed sufficient consideration is given to the "shakedown".

articles are in the institution, to warrant the "shakedown".  
This morning, as Copone leaves for breakfast, the pillowslip with its precious parcel of drugs is thrown into a large curvaceous bucket near the cell house door. Other inmates throw in theirs, too. Then the busboy is called to the laundry. Each article of clothing and linon bears the inmate's number. Each bucket bears the cell house designation, which is care. The laundry is to be separated --- sheets and linon, spots the conveyor. The laundr. is to be sorted.

"Dude, spot the conveyor. The laundr. is one pile, "blues" in brother. Folio slip is one pile, "blues" in brother. "HCSU. 40866. 40866." The number methodically repeats itself in the unlauder's mind as he anxiously balances at the numbered pieces in search for 40866.

"Ah!" he sighs, hesitating in his mechanical discarding of other bundles. He raises his eyes to see how close a guard may be. "It'll make out O.K. . . ?" He assorts the pieces behind a pile of dirty linen. A beaming light gleams from his sunken eyes. Feels the cuffs of the pants. A beam of light gleams from his sunken eyes. It's there! Nervous fingers push it through the almost invisible slit. . . . The parcel drops into his itching palm, is quickly slipped in his pocket and his work ended -- for the time being.

Doc has heard through the private grapevine operated by Capone, that the "stuff" got in. Jenkins enters Doc's office and closes the door behind him. The parcel is delivered. Doc opens it, slips Jenkins a drug, then hastily removes his false teeth. The small, valuable package containing the evidence and the contraceptive then sealed with glue and pinned against Doc's palate. The false teeth are replaced. Jenkins is still unregistered by now, departs. Doc destroys the remaining evidence and the container in which the drug arrived, and is ready to return to 'A' base.

... during the entire exchange of possession.

11:15 A.M. So, I doon...  
Just us wull uso them in a deaf and dumb school as around me!  
Just us wull uso them in a deaf and dumb school as around me!

now for the moment, where he'll remain until he's on an excellent diet. He is nervous

and apprehensive. He's "hot", if you ask him. Hot in the sense that anyone seen talking to him is later questioned by Captain Head. Hot in the sense that he has clothed himself with a "record" that is the envy of more desperate characters who find prison a lucrative place to abide, at his "favor". Makes of him a hero unto himself. A braggart. A boaster. "Loaded" with drugs he's in no humor to hold a conversation with anyone. And Head might stop him en route to "A" basement --- which he frequently does --- and "shake him down". Damned shrimps! Always pulling me in that room and making me remove my clothes. Examining me thoroughly! Well, I'm too smart for him. . . No matter where he looks he's not getting wise to me! Yet!

the corridor. There's me --- waiting as usual! Well, we'll see, you little so-and-so! Zimph! Let me by! Thought sure he'd nab me this time. Boy, I got to get rid of this P.D.Q!

Doc reaches the practitioner ...  
force doesn't start getting in until 11:25 A.M., got ten minutes to "plant  
it". He walks boldly into his stall, unlocks his locker and produces a  
carton of Camel cigarettes. The table at which he sits is concealed behind  
a sheet draped on wires. One would not know he were in there unless he  
walked in and saw him. And no one dare walk in Doc's stall -- unannounced  
or uninvited!

Each package of cigarettes is carefully opened and the drug, in small quantities, wrapped in tissue paper, inserted where cigarette tobacco has been removed. The package of cigarettes is resealed, and it is returned to the carton from which it came. The carton is not re-sealed.

one time. He is not supposed to have more than two cartons in his possession at any one time, regardless of how he came into possession of them. Realizing the danger of having any excess, Doc does not risk retaining more than the allotment. However, he has more grains of heroin and morphine than he is allotted. He uses it to support his habit and to give him energy. It is also used to distribute to uspo's henchmen and friends. It must be planted! Would never do to lose it! Too damn' much trouble getting more. And it means

He steps out of his stall, No. 23, and walks around to No. 9.

on the North Side. No. 9 is occupied by Berg, a man, for counterfeiting. Doc and Berg were inmates at St. Quentin several years ago. Berg is assigned as photographer. We are aware that Berg and Doc are "pretty thick". We never knew why. Berg is sitting on his bunk, reading. We can't see the name of the book, but we feel that he is expecting Doc, for without any apparent interest in the book he rises, and both step back behind the draped sheet in Berg's stall. We cannot hear their conversation, as we would like to, but we do hear Doc's voice in a vehement

whisper. Sam talks with a broken accent.

up there, as you never got shook down in the Dark Room.

"Hah, I know you're right! Don't lose it! And don't forget where

I just told you I hide it. Noostrum you stank it."

"I wish you all the best in convincing your men before you go."

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Joe struts out and back to his stall. A sense of relief seems to have left the joint.

to leave. George (11) agreed with us to entertain us at his home until the bus came. We were to have dinner there.

• Taken on "Goliath" 16:14:42  
2008-07-14

and as he can conceal or hide poison without appearing to have done so; it is necessary at one time --- in fact, three packages

... and I am afraid to carry a couple packs of smoke?

Surplus supplies the loading of traps. An industry is being created. A good  
factory or two another is experimental, call this excess taken away. A good  
factory or two another is experimental, call this excess taken away. A good  
factory or two another is experimental, call this excess taken away.

Simple, isn't it? That's his consolation as he remembers the other two are to be delivered up in the wind. Well, Tugge can take care of that, if I can't get up. And they are handed to Tugge, as she drops in on Doc to have her feet examined, two hours later.

Thus are Capone's dangerous enemies and needed friends bought!

Another month passes. We were unable to learn how the two succeeding visits of Capone's passed, but we do learn that Mr. Bishop, next in command to Lieutenant Oliver, was the guard assigned to them. And this seems all the more interesting because Mr. Bishop spends the greater part of the day in the radio control room, with Colbeck. Naturally, we are curious to know why he is again on this month's (July's) visit by Capone's relatives. Odd, we think, that he should be selected. Mr. Bishop, we have since learned, is a very congenial sort. In fact, as well liked by the inmates as is Captain Madden, whereas they'd mob any of the other officers in comparison.

Capone's wife sits beside him in the Guards' Room. Our man-concealed placement threatens to divulge our presence. However, we repectfully another a gasp of astonishment as they sit there in a fond embrace. He dearly loves his wife --- there's no question about it. Her blorid beauty has made him her slave. She is faithful, one can see. And she'll wait for him. . . if it's a hundred years! Yes, she's telling him so. But he answers that it won't be a hundred. . . that it'll be only until the first year is over.

"But Al, how can you do it?" she feebly remonstrates.

"Listen, I needn't tell you I can have anything done. I ain't been here no time, Porey, and I'm getting anything I want. Money, Honey, money! It buys even Washington!"

"But Al, Dear, who in the world can do anything for you besides the Attorney General? That is, so far as your freedom is concerned!" "Honey, I'm not telling you anything but that this time next year you and I'll be together --- outside! Honest, I'm not kiddin'. I mean it, baby. You think I'd tell you that if it wasn't so?" "Oh, if I could only believe it!" Her jeweled red-tipped fingers press his arm. "You don't know, Dear, how I've cried night after night. . . Dr. in and day out. . . since you've been here. It's maddening! Cruel! Sometimes I fear I'll lose my reason. I can't help it, Darling. I can't!"

"You try to make me feel content with the thought that it is better and safer for you here than if you hadn't come. Honey, they'd never have done anything to you back home. You know very well they dared not! Not with the power you had for revenge. But if you feel that it was God-sent, you must know. Everything happens for the best, Sweetheart, and I suppose God knows what He's doing when He takes you away from me and lets them put you here." Mrs. Capone is torn between her desire for Al and the gratitude that he had not had his fears materialized by the lead slugs from an enemy's machine gun.

"Mr. Bishop'll tell you, Honey, I want for nothing. Not a thing! Say, mom, shirt I lookin' swell? Been playin' tennis and getting some of that fat off. Get a sitz bath every morning; a steam bath three times a week; three rub downs a week, and the best food money can buy. It's like a hotel here -- except I can't leave when I want to. Now, what more could a convict desire?"

Capone laughs as he refers to himself as a "convict". The family join the laughter, but it is a restrained laughter on their part.

Mr. Al's displays a broad, encouraging smile.  
 "That ain't all, either. Look at this!" Capone opens his shirt and discloses to them an expensive pink silk undershirt. "Drawers, too," he smiles. "Just look at this!" He calls their attention to the stitches in a scissile tailored blue bed-blue shirt. "Time to order! Parts, too!

"OK, OK, I'll be warden. Here is I have to stay. Mark my word! You're liable to have a son-in-law or a 'pen'!"

"All right, Honey."

"It's not down to justness, Al. You got the list of names on wrote about?" John Capone is suspicious.

"I'm going to be sent on that," Al replies.

"Well, the ones who are to get killed, and you much."

"Well, the ones who are to get killed, and you much," Capone produces a slip of paper from his shirt pocket.

"Now listen, each one is to get the amount set opposite his name."

"Well, the ones who are to get killed, and you much."

"Well, the ones who are to get killed, and you much."

"Well, the ones who are to get killed, and you much."

the Officers' Mess got to me there. Had to quit eating in the cell for a while. Something blew up. . . Head got wise, and before I got caught Doc ordered it sent to his place. Bishop here keeps me posted so that keeps me from getting nabbed red-handed. They know it's been getting to me, but they can't catch me with it."

"But you got \$300.00 a month until further orders," complains John.

"That's right. It's worth it. Besides, his kids are sick and they need it. His wife's an invalid."

"What's this --- Fenters: \$500.00?"

"That's the guy what has charge of the Officers' Mess. All you got to do is get the correct names and addresses from Mr. Bishop when he meets you in town at whatever place he says. You gotta be careful you don't get seen. I just got the notations. The rest'll work out between you two."

"What's this mean down here --- Auburn?"

"Oh, yeah. An Auburn car. Fenters is planning on getting a car, and I understand from Beckthal -- say, an I got him down for \$250.00 a month? --- he wants an Auburn. Sort of surprise, you know. Now listen, John, ain't no use you thinking I'm being held up, for I ain't. I ain't out-side now. I gotta pay for what I get. Everyone here who wants somethin's got to pay for it, somewy. And that's dirt cheap!"

"But do you realize how much this amounts to a month?" John asks.

"I never figure anything. I got it, and I'm spending it. For food, mostly. You and mom got all you need. That's my money. I'd spend or gamble it outside, wouldn't I? Well, what's the difference?"

"Well, I'm not looking at it that way. I'm talkin' about the risk. You want to make profit, don't you? According to this you're taking \$300.00 worth of risk a month. Can't you realize -- --" "The hell with the risk. They can't --- they won't do nothing to me."

"Just think of those other men. Suppose it is from 'em. . . ."  
"They got perfect alibis. Leaves that to 'em."

"Mr. Bishop, I suppose you understand just ---"

"No need to explain to me, John. I see Al every day. I keep my eyes and ears open. He's right. You can't get anything done for you here unless you pay for it. If a fellow types a letter for another, he gets a carton of cigarettes for his trouble. If he types court papers, he gets five cartons. Some of them have their wives send money to other fellows' wives, mothers, sisters and so on. It's done every day and a hundred times a day," explains Mr. Bishop.

"That's understood," agrees John, still dissatisfied with Al's generosity, and feeling that Al is being "taken for a run". "I don't want anything happen that would jeopardize his parole."

"He's got nothing to worry about. Your Senator assures him he'll be outta here in a year. He oughta know. He's been in conference with Roosevelt, didn't he?" Bishop is not quite sure Al's information regarding this is on the up and up. He takes this opportunity to verify it.

After all, Al's made him some pretty steep promises. He's tired of being a guard. It's on his sleeves don't keep his wife satisfied. Money!

Money's what the wife wants and needs. Travel, maybe. Lots of it. Others make the grade. . . why can't he?"

"Yes," speaks Al's mother. "I was with him when he said he would do what he could for my Al. Senator Lord is sincere. He took me direct to the President and I heard every word he said. But you know how politicians are. Al always said that, and that's why we hesitate to believe everything that is promised."

"Aw, Lou, quit sin' in the blues," laughs Al. "I tell you I'm gettin' out soon's I done a year. The public would raise a helluva stink if they turned me out sooner. Besides, the lawyers are working on an appeal. I; I can't make it one way, I'll make it the other. See? Why worry about it? Sure I want to get out! The damned place is killing me. And I never had one day to the next what's comin' to happen. Now wait a minute...no need to get upset. See, there you go! Then I try to tell you something what's on my mind you all get worked up and scared. Every damned time it's the same thing!"

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Capone is peered and suddenly turns away from his wife, who is visibly upset by his indifference. She begs him calm himself, and assures him she is not upset. She can't help how his mother feels. . . "Well, aunt I trying to quiet her?" she protests. "My God, Al, I can't stop her from getting excited if you're going to be telling her you're in danger all the time. You make me mad!"

Mrs. Alphonse Capone is now angry. John holds his tongue. A forlorn, exasperated look upon his features. These scenes! How he detests them. Mother's always so easily upset. Al had no business saying that. . . "I should have had more sense. . . All I'll hear now till next month is, 'I wonder if anything happened to Al. I dreamed last night. . .'"

"Holl!" exclaims John, unable to control his emotion. He drops a half burned cigarette to the floor, decisively steps on and crushes it, and as if giving vent to his feeling, grinds it under his heel. Al's mother audibly weeps.

There is a knock at the door. All recover their dignity. . . Mrs. Alphonse Capone rushes back to the other side of the table, and when Mr. Bishop answers "All right!" a guard walks in, announces the hour is up, and the visitors prepare to leave.

Fond farewells. . . embraces. . . kisses. . . and tears. And once again the promise to return on the morrow.

"All, what you need is arch supports. I can make you a pair that'll give your feet the proper rest. You see, you're heavy, and racing over the tennis courts in tennis shoes don't help a lot. Now, for instance, look at these . . . I made these for Miss Tugle. You know how big and fat she is! Well, this is the second pair. The first pair gave her such comfort that she brought her sister in. You know, of course, it's against rules for us inmates to do anything for outsiders. But Hell, I make arch supports for most of the guards, and civilians and their families. There's Mr. Steigens. . . he's brought his wife and daughter in, and I fixed them. O. K. Then, there's - - -"

"How do ya Eat by with it?" Al interuptus dom.

'नमिता नेहराम

"Look at this!" Doc removes the shoe and sock from his left foot. "I operated on that myself! The doctors here started it, but they bungled the job. You know what we've got here? Just a bunch of quacks. If they were any good they'd have a practice outside instead of working for \$100.00 or \$125.00 a month in here. Anyhow, after they operated it hurt like Hell. Then I decided to do it myself. I applied a local anesthetic, and ain't been troubled with it since. I know my business. You know yours.

"What kind of 'connections' you got?" inquires the fox Capone, his interest aroused.

"All kinds," Al smiles.

"All kinds," *he* snarled.  
"But you *got* connections. How about Bishop? Adame? Fenster? *They* know when one of them's *sonia* *got* bumped.

off with the goods. And they're all gone . . . .  
Gotta get money in here. Some of the guys don't want money. They want  
. . . .

"How much, for instance?"

"How much what?" asks Al.

"How much do you want in?"

"Couple thousand, anyhow. See, some of the 'bosses' won't have

it sent to their wives. That's their business, of course. Wives are dangerous, they say. I gotta get it to them without any in-between party."

"I'll handle your cash. I'm here on a four year stretch. I'll

do about three years, if I miss parole. I can't make it, I know. I made it last time I was here because I had Dr. Wilson fix up a letter that I wouldn't

live fifty days more. That was in '25. I got out on parole on that letter. And I got a record, you know that! And damned if I didn't get in stir again!"

"You got a pretty bad 'rep' around here, Doc. I'd like to do

business with you, but some of the old timers tell me you 'rat'."

"The rats?" Doc is offended. His dark brown eyes flash. "Any there rotter, b---- have been jealous of me since I been here. Look! (Doc picks up a small piece of thread and wraps it around his finger) That's how I can handle these quacks here. I know plenty, see? I give you my word!

Give me a chance. You know, though, it costs!"

"Yeah!" with a disdainful turn of the head Capone acknowledges  
"I know. "I know! But all right. See what you can do. I want \$3000.00 brought in. Don't bother me with details, understand? I want a list made out to the guys what's supposed to get it, and how much. You're to take care of that end, and deliver. Get me? If you come across O.K. . .

C.O.! You'll get yours."

Doc is deeply grateful and affected. His nervousness deserts him and leaves him breathless, as Capone, satisfied with himself and his new conquest, makes his exit.

"Three Grand!" whispers Doc. "Three Grand! Jesus, more than I've ever seen! boy, let me get my hands on that! Jesus, see, now -- if I lose it. . . or if I tell him Head bumped me off with it, how in Hell will he feel about it? Boy, that's a bait!"

Doc loses himself in dreams of splendour. He visions himself racing away from the penitentiary in an elegant motor car. "all dolled up". No prison outfit for him. No sir! He'll have a made-to-order suit sent in.

You bet! And that dear Ida. . . "up in Alderson. . . ~~saw~~  
seein'. Gosh, won't she be glad to see the bank roll! Pretty nice kid,  
I tell you. Gosh, won't she be glad to see the bank roll! Pretty nice kid,  
I tell you. Guess she believed everything I told her  
imagine it. . . two kids to take care of. Aw, Hell! What's the difference?  
If she's straining me just to have somebody to write to, I'm straining her.  
"Well, that's the only way I can

Those says here -- thinking Bro's by wife. "----.  
wife to her. Dined rules about writing to other joints. She ought make

Mr. Lester's  
basic philosophy of success. He builds

...you will come up in the clouds. Contact. "That's it; that's all I need. Come on up the big boy. He's right -- the big boy would come to me sooner or later. That's what he said. That "dope peddler" was only small change. Too hot, took hand car & old dope. Damned if he can't. "Came" i.e. These "junkies" (dope addicts) are bound to squeal sooner or later". "No, on a man like... an old timer... anything, if they need to have a go at him, he'll tell them". Well, this is a different proposition. The man who has got to tell them is us. Or, if it is, we distribute it. That

... place behind Jocie car, and race

... a Unitarian's choice, until such time as we have the conviction and capacity of men who sit at the other end, but for the importance . . . a Unitarian attitude, we assure it is secondary.

"I know, sir. I have used every effort to trace its source, but am up against a stone wall. No. No, sir, it is not being dropped from air planes. I have given the tower guards particular instructions regarding observing them. . . Who? He's a guard here! . . Is that so? What makes you think ---? All right, I'll work on it from that angle."

As he replaces the French telephone he sighs, "Well, I'm a ---!"

"What's that?" asks Mr. Krenn, his clerk.

Captain Head ignores the query. He is lost in a maze of unbelief. One of his trusted men bringing in drugs! Unbelievable! Incredible! Preposterous! But then, would his informant have mentioned the name if there wasn't some foundation for his suspicion? One never knows . . . in a penitentiary!

Well, he thinks as he rises with difficulty and lack of energy, nothing like taking a tip. Tips sometimes prove fruitful. And other times a will-o'-the-wisp. But this one . . .

"I got it!" Captain Head exclaims, forgetting Mr. Krenn is closely observing his features. "Smith is guard in the Duck Hill. He

gets regular treatments from Dunlap, the chiropodist. So does Capone! I know that Dunlap worked on Capone's feet as a bluff. I got it! Call the hospital and have them send Dunlap over. I want to see him at once!"

"No. . . wait a min-tu! I'll go over there. Better to bust in on him unexpectedly. I'm going to the hospital, if anyone wants me." Captain Head, his short steps unusually fast, hastens to the hospital.

Knowing Doc as we do, we realize the fruitlessness of following Captain Head to listen to the cross-examination. We look at each other and smile warily. We are confident Doc will have a perfect alibi. He can't be frightened into believing Head's got the goods on him, so far as delivering "dope" is concerned. Head catch me? Say, it'd take a helluva lot smarter guy than Head to get anything on me. I've been in more joints than Head can count, like to take a sock at him sometimes! Just my size, too! Late Good time, though. And I can't do that. Not now, anyhow. Am on the road to plenty.

Yet, to satisfy our curiosity we eavesdrop on the conversation.

"But I tell you, Captain, I've not even seen any, least of all handled it. You got no proof. You're sumpin's, that's all. Well, you're wastin' time, Captain, if you think I'm handlin' it. That's straight from the shoulder."

"And you deny that Capone doesn't buy it for the men here?"

"I don't know what Capone buys. I don't fool with him. He's 'hot', and I know it. All I got to do with him is 'tend his feet. That's my du<sup>r</sup>e. I do that for any convict. He don't mean a damn' thing to me, and I don't have a damn' thing to do with him. That's my word!"

"Your word!" sneers Captain Head. "What is your word against the word of five others?"

"Five others!" gasps Doc. For it is exactly five to whom he had delivered drugs. "Five who?" he demands, recovering his poise.

"So you do know something!" exclaims Captain Head. "Well, out with it. . . ."

"I don't know anything, and I told you you can't prove anything."

Doc retaliates, realizing now that Head was bulling him into a confession. "Pretty smart, aren't you?" Head is sarcastic. "But I'm going to get you yet, Dunlap. I'm not warning you, mind! I'm telling you!"

With these parting words Head makes an exit. Doc climbs into the patient's chair -- similar to a barber's chair -- and smiles a mile of victory as he leans on the cushion headrest and exhales cigarette smoke.

"Pretty smart!" he murmers. "Betcha life I am, Captain." "Too damned smart for you, anyhow. If you were so smart you wouldn't pit me wise. Ha ha! What they need here is a bunch of 'ools'. They'd know how to find things out. Dope? Say, Shrimp, I wouldn't touch dope in here again if it meant my freedom. . . Not after you let me know you're hot on my trail for it, and me with the chance I got now to get rich!" Doc emphasizes his mental resolve by banging his small clenched fist on the arm rest. A gleaming laugh escapes Doc's throat. Bo's won the tilt and

is in a position now to put Capone on his guard. That's the kind of work he'll do for 'the Big Boy' . . . keep him posted on the bigger things. . . Or caps bursting. . . shakedowns. He'll make himself so valuable to the Big Boy it'll be just too bad for anyone who tries to "cut-in" on him. The Big Boy's his man, and he's going to get it!

"Now listen. I've told you before, and this is the last time --- Don't sneak up on me on the yard! Don't come near me. I can't be seen talking with everyone. You'll have me so damned hot! I won't be able to get a breath of air any more. If you got business, handle it with Doc, or somebody he tells you to handle it with. I ain't got nothing to do with the money. I told you you'd got it. He'll give it to you, or you can do what I suggested in the beginning - - - let me have it sent to you."

Capone is angry. The inmate accosting him is sore because he was promised a "tomer" (\$10.00), and it has not been forthcoming. Three weeks have passed since Capone's visit, and the inmate feels that he should have had the money by now. He, like many others, believes it is handled by Capone personally, after being handed to him in the visiting room. All do not know of the arrangements, connections and conspiracies.

"Last Doc don't come out when I'm out. He don't take stockade but once or twice a week. And den when I see 'im da bozo's wit' you. I can't get near 'im," complains the inmate.

"Well, you'll get it. How about cigarettes? Want to take it out in the commissary? I'll get someone up you ten buckin' worth of stuff."

"Hell, yes. I'll have somethin', den."

"All right. Write up the list of what you want and give it to me, on the tennis court. You know him? Got charfo of the courts."

"Harry Lane?" Yes, a little guy. All right. Thanks, all!" The inmate shuffles off and is soon relating to a buddy what transpired between himself and Capone.

"I tell 'em charfo you for the dirt, the stuff. He's crookin' at a cor'screen. Al gave him \$50,000 a month to receive a count for 'im over there. And nobody dare go on it, either! He's a dirty snake, that Lane." "He won't fool wit' me, buddy. I'll get my ten buckin' worth or else . . ."

"What?"

"I'll put in a 'fat'. Snitch. What do hell do I care? I don't care now? I ain't gonna do no more business wit' 'im. Da 'ell wit' dat."

to get the tom he offered for it. He gives every guy double what they spend, but it looks like I can't even get my fire back. If he thinks he's gonna give me da run-round, he's got another thought comin': I ain't afraid of him or any of his bodyguards, nubber! I got a gun, too! And they don't like 'em a lot dan bit. That's why I'm quitting buying for the no good smokin'!"

"Did you know he got three grand in last week?"

"Three grand?" gasps the peered inmate.  
"Uh-huh!"

"Who ---?"

"I heard it from a guy in the hospital, a guy in the nut ward. He's supposed to be batty. Maybe he is, I don't pass on that. Anyhow, he was down in the electric therapy room, where Capone gets two hours treatment every day --- baths, rub-downs and hot box --- and while the guy there was giving all his rub-down, this guy was supposed to be taking a sitz bath, but he left the water runnin' and came over to the door, and the guy what gives the rub-down, Thorpe, was with his back to the door. So the nut just stood there and heard Capone tellin' Thorpe that Mr. Beale was taking care of his needs, and bringin' him underwear and stuff he couldn't get inside here. And that he just got three grand to pay off, and if Thorpe wanted his, he could have it cash or have it sent to his mother. So the nut walks away, 'cause he didn't want them see him listening."

2:22 P.M.

"Sa fact!"

"Well, I'm a lowdown whatcha-may-call it! And here I gotta pull da weepin' act to get my tom!"

"'Cause, you won't be the first one to get tapped. He's tapped plenty. Else, whoever handles the dough has. I don't know who does, but I heard complaints."

"Doc handles it. Danlep, you know. Da no good rat! I wonder if he told Capone he gave it to me? Ya see, Capone don't know who gets it. Who's supposed to get it, he tells Doc. Dat leaves him out. Doc den does the balance."

"In other words, Buddy, you're just fine backs out!"

"Oh yeah? Well, we'll see 'bout dat!"

"Say, by the way. How much does Capone pay his bodyguards?"

"Let's take a walk up to the tennis courts and see how many's up there."

They proceed towards the slope overlooking the tennis court.

There are seven courts; one for negroes. Capone has the best kept court...

ever, surface, and lining it more conspicuously than the others.

"Pete's Jugo Marks. . . And Joe McCormick. Capone's playin' with McCormick and Old Man Penfield. Dat odder guy workin' in de kitchen. I don't know his name. He's an old timer, but supposed to be da best player here. Too much clowns to play tennis. Like a hippie-olaramic. Jesus, look! He beat ed his racket on de ground because he missed da ball! And look at 'im jumpin' up like it's a son-of-a-so! Did you ever see a temper like dat?"

"Now dere's what Pete is. We may be all cold mugs, but he's a real live son-of-a-bitch. Let him outta Capone's retirement! Of all the bats, he's the one who no plays tennis."

"Well, yeah! Two o'clock day I saw him do that to 'oo. Once he took the racket over to the bench and beat the seat until it would kill the string was out of it. Then he sets it up against a porch and jumps on the handle. And it breaks he walks over and buys one from some place, and he'll use that to get even for it. And the last racket I left would be. That's the kind of person. You can't buy them in the ordinary way now, though. They sell them out, and they're going to give building sales and such, too. And the last auction repainted after 'Gotti' died. And well, look right past 'em, and John do exactly. Pronunciation there, too. Up no place, like a good business, then up."

"The capo j's battin' them up."

"It's understandin' he's in it's true 'bout La's rancoratin' to go after the Presidents till they stepped off, and the politicians' Oceans to a city, too, but still on, tellin' 'em 't's a good day!"

"Say, I heard that, too! nice the hell hell... now? Let's..."

"Dude . . ."

"Dude guy what works on da basketball court?"

"Yeah, that's him. He said he sold Capone two, after Lane and I papered them. Aint that a smart guy for you? A racket racket in the pen! Boy, what a joke on Capone!"

"Listen, Buddy, you could sell Capone the Washington monument. He's ripe for anything. Some of the fellows in your cell --- the moonshiners --- made some bead necklaces. They cost about fifty cents to make, and they sold them to Capone for \$10.00 each. Easy! Say, I'd bet he'd fork over flat if the right guy gets the right racket on him. Some confidence man," for instance."

"You said it, Buddy. But dat aint getting me da ten bucks

to aces me. I'm gonna see Doc. See what he has to say and den I'll know where I stand. So long! See you anon!"

The two part, the one with the Bronx accent walking off in front of Joe, the other drawing closer to examine the rackets being bargained for. The will ring, summoning the men in from stockade. Capone's bodyguards, whom their pointed places --- three behind him, two before him, and two on each side, all a distance of less than three feet from him. He is now finally alone, all alone.

At this we clever men in the Atlanta institution. . . .

days. . . weeks. . . months pass. Daily, men charged with violations of the rules, are arraigned before the Deputy Warden...Offenses arising out of the web of intrigue and conspiracy at the head of which sits Capone, self-satisfied, content, indifferent. He continues to yearn for the glad tidings that his appeal will effect his freedom, or Senator Lewis will be successful in his endeavor to induce the President of the United States to use his prestige as the key to open the gates of the Atlanta Penitentiary for Capone's release. There are conferences two and three times a week --- lawyers from Washington, lawyers from Chicago, lawyers from Atlanta, interspersed with these business visits are social visits from "Big" Moran, "Pur" Sammons and "Gus" Winkler --- under aliases!

Needless to say the best legal minds in the country assemble in the Guards' Room and discuss various and sundry loopholes, all of which, to Capone's unintelligent mind, seem certain and definite grounds for his release. Yes, they tell him, from the United States District Court they will go to the Circuit Court of Appeals. That failing, to the Supreme Court of the United States. They'll go the limit!

Capone MUST be freed. That's the conclusion of his splendid and expansive array of lawyers and lieutenants.

But, Capone stays on. The claws of his power-greedy heart continue to drag in almost poverty stricken Guards and inmates, civilians and outsiders. Money! Money! Money! Everyone is getting it! Anyone can have it --- for services rendered!

Steadily, and with an eye to insuring his incarceration shall be as pleasant --- and safe --- as money can make it, with a shrewd and cunning brain he builds a ladder of victory and conquest. As he smilingly seconds rung by rung he crushes beneath his feet, in a quicksand of pollution, everyone of his employees from the lowest inmate on his pay roll to Lieutenant Oliver! Guards, civilians, physicians, Captain's assistants!

Up it striving, inch by inch, and with determination to conquer the last two rungs of the ladder --- the top rungs that seem higher and more inaccessible to reach than all the others --- Captain, Head and Warden Aderhold! A. C. Aderhold! He'll get A. C. yet! Captain was bought.

Other widens were bought! Why not A. C?

Duty? "Al, brother," he tells his confederate, "when a man must choose between money and duty, he chooses money!"

"I can't buy Captain Head!" he boasts. "Who wants to bet I can't?" The challenge is directed at Mr. Bishop.

"It's hard to do Al. He's got his eye on bigger things than dollars. Head's of the old school. The school of loyalty!" Mr. Bishop defensively argues.

"Listen, Bishop. I've bought bigger men than Captain Head. I've bought and I've sold. Nothing stands in my way. Good? Nothing! If I'm going to be here . . . if my appeal fails, and the Supreme Court turns thumbs down, then watch! Watch me!"

"Al, I know Captain Head. I've been working with him twelve years. I tell you it can't be done. I don't know about Mr. C. He'll have to be a mystery to me. But I'll wager you won't get Head in a U.P. position."

"What'll you bet?" Capone is an inveterate gambler. You'll bet on anything.

"I haven't got a hell of a lot, Al. You know that. I'd like to be throngin' parties, and bought a car, you know, after the last, you know. Oh, maybe a few hundred. . . just to show you I'm a player, that's all. That is, set a date up when you'll get Head to set a definite date, now. That is, set a date up when you'll get Head on your pay roll."

"How much're you got so far?"

"From you?"

"Yep!"

"It's just started. It's up around the last edition. I might be little under \$100,000. But you see, we had debts. Lots of 'em. I bought lots of things we always wanted. Guess we didn't do a whole lot of it. And if I should get bailed off for taking your car, I'd be in trouble. And if I should get bailed off for this court case, I'd be in trouble. I am sixty-five cents off the price. It's the same as it was when I took it. Malouf."

"I told you before, Bishop, I called you a fool for this court case. I am sixty-five cents off the price. It's the same as it was when I took it. Malouf."

Chicago. I got money in a dozen banking houses. I own stock in department stores, buildings, building and loan associations. I'm just what the boys

SA: -- 'lousy with money'. So you got no cause to be worried about a god with me if it comes to a showdown.

"Now, taking about the bet. You know I don't like you to do this, but I'll give you on \$250.00 to a thousand that I have Head on the pay roll

LITERATURE 210

"... " show you the water with

"Sure thing." They seal the wager with a hand clasp.

"...sure is swell of you, Al. The wife's nuts about it.

He's been driving a car like that a long time."

"Don't mention it."

"I'd better get going now. Head might come back and see your letter." Oh, yeah! About those letters . . . You

“*What do you mean by ‘no’?*

"Goddam it. Only Dunlap, of course. See, I send them to  
the office I write them and seal them in an envelope. He plants them for  
me. I don't know what he's up to. I couldn't take the chance, you know. You gotta  
be careful, you know. I'll tellin' them, I wouldn't want you to get nabbed. And if  
you do, I don't know how I'd feel about it. Particularly since  
I'm gonna be back there. I'm gonna do it."

... or nor see me. The wife said the other night she dreamt

she could. Just imagine that? Me in the hole! So she begged

"Well, Mrs. Bishop, tell the wife dreams are just her imagination, and come to think the doc," and, stopping into the corridor, Mrs. Bishop said, "I can't tell, little Mrs. Lee, that the dream Mrs. Bishop related to you is an omen of misfortune George should heed."

Q. 1. What is the size of his cell? He is confronted with hundreds of small parcels which he has to unpack. There are so many parcels that it is impossible for him to get himself in and out of the cell. Every bunk is piled

coffee...nuts...fruit...an assortment that would make the department handling such novelties in the Marshall Field Department Store in Chicago sickeningly obvious.

There are fruited candies from Italy. Glazed fruits from California. Candies baked in California. Fruit grown in the South Seas. In fact, Calico's has no confectionery to please the most exacting gourmet's taste.

"Get 'em out!" Capone shouts. "Who wants 'em? Come get 'em!"

"What, you gonna give 'em away, Al?" asks one of his henchmen.

"Don't think I can eat them, do ya?" is the barking response.

"Good gravy! Hey!" yells the one addressed. "Lay off that! I bin my eyes on that from the beginning! The article creating the one-

handed effect is a twenty-five pound box of glazed pineapple slices.

"'Bout what this?" he holds up a twenty pound box of assorted

salted peanuts with almonds, as he clasps the pineapple slices to his bosom.

"Take it, for Christ's sake! Don't ask me for it," Capone

cries.

"S--y, wait a minute," he orders. "Some of this is gotta go down the basement. Cozze's got to go to the hospital. You there -- Rockie,

"ah some good stuff for Doc. Then get some for Beale, some for Miss Tugge, as I do for the others. You know who. The jig'll take 'em over. They

wasn't supposed to take anything from inmates, you know? Yeah, I thought you didn't. Well, see that they get there. And if anybody stops you delivering

it, tell 'em to the jig, tell me who it is."

"Well, Al," whines Rockie, "you know what Wroom did to me the day I tried to carry out those cartons of file motions for you, for that guy. Said nothing' doing. O.K. to bring stuff in -- but nothing out.

"Oh how's the jig gonna alibi?"

"Either you take 'em or leave 'em. Which is it?" Capone demands, reclining in a Club chair from which he has angrily removed an assortent of packages, deliberately upsetting their contents on the concrete floor, muttering, "I've told you boys keep things outta this chair!"

"I'll get the jit. He'll take 'em in the laundry basket.

Al:

"I don't want to know anything more about 'em. Throw 'em down the toilet if you want. I don't want 'em around!"

Capone, we later learn, dares not even smell a thing sent to him for Christmas. He is in constant dread of being poisoned, and fears it might be done in any of many ways. His meals, according to his inmates. No one else must come within five feet of them. For this reason -- though he yearns for the luscious fruits, sweetmeats and delicacies -- he is thrown into a violent fit of anger because he cannot appease his enormous appetite. . . . not even daring to eat them after someone else has tasted them, Alie: . . . not even daring to eat them after someone else has tasted them, thinking it would be his ill luck to select the one, or part of one, in ten, that may have been purposely poisoned.

"Shouldn't we give a present to every man in the joint," smiles Capone as he enters the cell.  
"Help yourself, Dirty," Al suggests.  
"Nah," Al. Dirty selects several packages and slips them under his bunk.

"Hello son, more. There's plenty."

"Got enough, Al. That'll last me a while."

"Lo! I's tricks?"

"Oh, so so!

"Mint this a Merry Christmas!" Capone sighs.

"I been here seven. Got mine to go. You get used to it,

Al:

""O God good to it!" shouts Capone. "By Christ, I'll turn this joint upside down first! I'll do this one. . . But no more!"

"God good to it," promises. Pollutes. All that hoopay."

"Gone old s'uth. Promises. Pollutes. All that hoopay."

In other words, in accord with the world,  
"On Airport Drive," (Frank Buchman), Capone's Atlanta

""O God good to it!" Well I hear. Honey for this and money for

that. I don't mind the money, but they ain't doin' a damn' thing!"

"Wire 'em time. Took time to get you here; it's going to take time to get you out. Personally, Al, I can say it's sure nerve-wrecking. I been through it."

"I'd give every God-damned cent I got in the world if I could get out! I mean that, Dinty. I started broke, and I can start broke again!"

"You're talkin' through your hat now," admonishes Dinty.

"Hat hell! I'm talkin' from my heart. What the hell Good's

"thing if you can't enjoy it? Money...I wish I never had a red penny,

Dinty. I'd never been here if I hadn't."

He begins biting his finger-nails --- a habit he has when

excited and irritable or nervous. "What gets me is my mother. She always says it's my punishment for being rotten and having those mags wiped out. I had to do it. You know how it is, Dinty. You been through the same thing yourself. It's them or me. Same as it was them or you. Punishment! God-damned if I didn't go through enough of it since I come here!

"That first night! Jesus, I'd not go through that again. I'd hang myself first! Could you believe that, Dinty? hell, that's straight. Like a murderer... Co-God! The crowd yellin' for my blood! Dinty, I'd give anything if I could erase that from my mind. Co-plainly forgot it! But I can't! I can't! Sometime I wake in the middle of the night... I can feel the whole camp here threatening me. It's awful! ... I see

the faces of them guys that I've wiped off... their teeth shine like rhodium on a wrist watch at night. I see their mothers behind them, cussing me with sticks and poles. I lay helpless while all this goes on. I don't cry out for I'm afraid it would wake them up; I'm yellow. Yet, I want to yell, but that's why I don't. It's hell! I wake up in a cold sweat. It's hell! That's what it is. And I'd never go through it again.

It's Hell! That's what it is. That put it to me. If it hadn't been for that first night decentration. That put it to me. If it hadn't given me those nightmares... that's why I want to get hell. That's what it is. Get down if I want out!"

Out! Out, Dinty, OUT! God damn it, I want out!"

Catone turns to his foot and kicks over a stack of cards filling

concrete floor three tiers below.

"Hojo, what the Hell's goin' on up there?" someone yells.

"Aw, go to Hell, you!" retorts Capone.

"Is poor little Aliee upset?" taunts the annoyer, disgusting.

his voice.

"Give the Dago a sock on the jaw!" another yell from the

right of 3-7.

"Give 'im a rope!" yells still another.

"Say, this is Christmas," someone attempts, pacifyingly.

"We should love one another. Come, Dear, kiss and be still!"

Capone pants. He rips the shirt from his back and tears it in shreds, kicking and screaming. Dirty sits calmly by, a faint smile playing at the corners of his lips. He understand Capone must give vent to his little temper. These exhibitions are not unusual. The louder Capone curses, the more raucous becomes the taunting laughter of the other inmates. One is reminded of a caged tiger being annoyed by a crowd of hoodlums.

Finally, exhausted, Capone sinks back to his Club chair.

"You need a drink, Al. A good stiff whisky," Dirty suggests.

"Where the Hell is it?" he asks.

"Tell Whitey. He'll get it for you."

"The laundry guy? Cregor?"

"Yeah."

"Hojo," calls Capone. "You, rangoon! Tell Whitey I wanna see him."

"Right, Al!"

Dirty, a gang chieftain in his own right, neither bows to nor corves Capone. Consequently, his interests in Al's moods are but casual.

Whitey comes hastily. "What's up?" he asks.

"How about a shot of gin?" Al demands.

"No Gin. Give you some Good Sherwood."

"Bring it on. Pronto, too!"

Whitey departs, returning in five minutes with a hip flask.

He hands it to Capone. Capone takes a lusty swallow, coughs and says.

"I don't like the stuff. Never did," he apologizes.

"Where'd you get it?" he asks when able to speak clearly.

"Make any difference?" parries Whitemy, reluctant to divulge

the connection, feeling if he can paddle it to Al he'll make more than if Al can get it direct.

"O. K. Sorry!" answers Capone with a wave of the hand.

"Any time you want it, sing out," Whitemy offers.

"Leave it here. Tell Doc how much I owe you for it."

Whitemy places the flask under Capone's pillow, waves a hand at parting, and makes his way to Doc, in 'A' basement. Whitemy, assistant

to the civilian in charge of the laundry, is permitted freedom of the institution in his duties of collecting and distributing laundry towels.

He is not questioned as he enters and leaves the various cell houses, dormitories and basement. Naturally, when he walks boldly into 'A' basement,

and visits Doc, it is surmised, by those who observe him, that it is made

think for Capone, since Doc, everyone now knows, represents Capone in the position of paymaster.

"Al said give me twenty-five."

Doc hesitates, though he knows Whitemy is an Al's pay roll.

Instantly, he removes the elongated cigarette holder from his mouth and blows a stream of smoke into the air.

"You don't know what it's for?" snaps Whitemy, his dislike for

Doc quite apparent.

"It doesn't matter. Just like to know what kind of business I'm doing. If Al said \$25.00 . . . here it is." He hands Whitemy twenty and a five dollar bill extracted from his pants pocket.

"Who's your connection now?" asks Doc, always on the alert to play a new connection, with the view in mind of eventually being in a position to be the chief source through which Capone may be able to obtain contraband.

"That's personal. Lint supposed to tell."

"Just I know," teases Doc, an inmate curiously urging him.

"Bet twenty you don't!" Whitemy retorts.

"Bet!" agrees Doc, placing a twenty dollar bill on the bed.

"Eight!"

"McAdams!" smiles Doc.

"Wrong!" Whitley laughs.

"No, then?" Doc asks.

"Lyman!" Whitley whispers hoarsely.

"Dr. Lyman!" gasps Doc, his eyes narrowing.

"Not his brother!" laughs Whitley, walking away as he pockets

the forty-five dollars.

"And to think I been talking to him every day!" Doc chides

himself. "I thought he was acting kinda nervous lately. Well, that'll be

a good one for the Big Boy!"

The dinner gone riuns. Christmas dinner! How the 'ye've been.

Waiting for it for months! Turkey! Turkey for dinner! Oh, boy! Let's

or turkey!

And what did Cafone have for Christmas dinner? Turkey --- at  
a cost of \$200.00 for two! because he dared not eat the turkey in the  
Dining Hall or on the diet at the hospital, and because he demanded it be  
prepared exactly as he relished it. And he had turkey every day for two  
weeks!

Capone's reported skirmishes on the tennis courts resulted in rumors of Lane's devotion to assistant, and the promotion of Riddell --- Garbage truck driver --- to the position. Riddell had been an intern in the hospital, but because of an unprovoked and murderous assault on an inmate, which necessitated the surgeon using seventeen stitches to close the invalid's wound, Riddell was doubly punished by being confined in the hold and assigned to the disagreeable task of removing garbage. Now, however, he is assigned to the exchange of tennis balls over the wall! A perfectly new job, because of the intimacy and frequent unusual conversations between him and Guard Claude Nelson -- the Stockade Guard -- Riddell is assigned to the tennis courts contrary to the protests of Guard Simpson, the Stadium Guard.

These assignments, it must be borne in mind, are not made at the request of the inmate. Inmates frequently submit a request for a particular assignment, but only on the recommendation of a guard, civilian or institutional inmate, are their requests granted. In this instance, it will be observed, Guard Simpson's objections were overruled by the Deputy Warden, and Guard Nelson's request granted.

Simpson was an habitual cigar smoker. Lane was never without cigar, keeping a full box on the courts at all times. Simpson naturally had access to these. Hatred existed between Nelson and Capone. It had its inception when Capone was ordered to step a little faster (about a month after his arrival), since he was delaying other men (his bodyguards) reaching their cells and being counted. Nelson, it was known, "stood in" with Captain Head. Simpson and Lane frequently discussed these phases of the existing affairs.

Nelson, it seems, knew of the reservations on the courts. . . . In view of the conspiracies and connections. . . . He knew of --- since he saw it! --- the exchange of tennis balls over the wall! A perfectly new tennis ball, bearing the number 4-A-8-B-6 (numbered with an indelible pencil), to prevent confiscation by others, of course), would be hit so hard by Capone that it would go over the insurmountable wall. Directly, and

while the game continued, a used ball would come back over the wall, and bounce on the tennis court. . . generally, the one assigned Capone by Lane, and for which he arranged reservation.

"40-8861" Lane, or whoever reached the ball before he did,

would yell. The ball, of course, would be placed on the side for Capone.

This avoided conflict between others whose balls occasionally were knocked over the wall.

"What is in those balls?" was the question troubling Helms, hiding in the Duck Mill and peering through the frosted windows, knowing as he did that the ball returned was not the one knocked over. "And who is sending them over?"

These questions so annoyed him, after he had witnessed the know drug addicts Gladened countenances as they sat on the slope overlooking the tennis courts and were helpless to control their excitement when the balls came back, that he confided his suspicions to the Deputy Warden. This, as we have seen, resulted in Riddell's assignment to the tennis courts -- apparently, as Lane's helper.

Upon being assigned to the Stadium Detail, Riddell, at the same time, was assigned sleeping quarters in "A" basement. The Clerk in "A" basement, "Happy", takes him to Bed 36, on the "flats". The flats are so named because the beds are arranged in dormitory style, each one opposite a numbered stall. An inmate is not entitled to a stall and its privacy, until he has reached his seniority and a stall is vacated by an outgoing or moved prisoner. He then, if he so desires, moves in.

It must be borne in mind that Riddell's bed is situated in the section reserved for tailors, launders, postulators and men of decided social standing in the outside world. Lane, on the same day, moves in beside Riddell. Riddell's bed is separated the usual three feet from Lane's to insure on the next bed, Short Shaving.

Short Shaving, serving three years for working a money order racket outside, because of this being his first offense has been assigned secretary to the Record Clerk -- the most responsible and confidential assignment in inmate cap. hold. The fact that he is an experienced stenographer and holds responsible positions outside, makes him eligible

for this assignment.

In the immediate vicinity of beds 35 (Lane), 36 (Riddell), and 37 (Short Shavings), is Leo, the warden's runner. Both Lane and Riddell have unsavable prison records, having served in other institutions. Riddell has eight more months to serve . . . Lane, slightly over a year.

It is but natural that Riddell and Short Shavings become friends, though each is the extreme opposite of the other. Riddell being a typical criminal -- hardened, obnoxious, ruthless, loud-mouthed and arrogant. His contempt for those in the vicinity surrounding him is an outspoken one, ridicule and sarcasm falling from his lips at every opportunity. With Short Shavings alone is he decent and friendly, and the unusual friendship is one that creates endless comment, since Short Shavings is gentlemanly, quiet and congenial with everyone, and immensely popular with the bankers, lawyers and others because he does their personal letter writing and typing (though the rules forbid it). It is only natural, under the circumstances, that Riddell, through Short Shavings, is induced to be less disagreeable with his fellow inmates.

It is the month of April, 1933. Riddell takes charge of the tennis courts. Lane, "burned up" over the loss of his connection, and no longer in a position to earn the fifty dollars a month from Capone, spreads the rumor that Riddell won't last.

Capone, as is his daily habit, goes to the courts ignorant of the change in positions between Lane and Riddell. Every court is occupied. He looks for Lane, and seeing him performing a menial task, beckons him over to inquire why his court isn't reserved.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with 'em no more, Al. All I do is sprinkle 'em now, and roll 'em."

"I'm paying you for keepin' a court for me, and starching my shirt -- my carter, tamkin' shoes and racket. You come along and tell me you ain't got nothin' to do with them any more!" complains Capone. "Al, you're hot! now more than ever. Riddell's down here for some purpose besides work. Nobody's tellin' me he airt. Him and Nelson's like that!" (Lane holds out two fingers pressed tightly together).

Capone approaches Riddell. "Hey, you!" he calls.

Riddell, noting in a memorandum book the time the players enter the courts that he may inform them when the allotted time is up, to permit others an opportunity to play before the stockade period ends, looks up. He gives no indication that he will move towards Capone.

Capone strides over to Riddell, rage and annoyance that

Riddell ignored his command to come to him visibly shaking him. "Why wasn't a court held open for me?" he demands.

Riddell gives him a straight-from-the-shoulder stare.

"Yes, why wasn't it?" Riddell answers.

"I been having a court reserved since I been playing here."

"You join 'ic stop it!" threatens Capone, concluding the best way to handle Riddell would be through frightening him instead of cajoling him. "I get

"at I want around here. You know that, I suppose?"

"All, you're just another convict to me," nonchalantly replies

Riddell. "There are to be no more reservations. That's orders!"

"C'm, there ain't, huh?" Capone sarcastically replies. "And

you don't care who they are?"

"'App'," informs Riddell, continuing to write in the notebook.

"Well, get this, Smart Guy!" warns Capone, ignoring the several inmates who have approached and are standing nearby, but insuring that his bodyguards are within hearing distance. "You'll hold a court open for us, or else . . . !"

"Else?" inflectively asks Riddell, his eyebrows arching. And he thought the matter were closed he calls to the players on No. 4 that their period has ended, and duly notes it in the notebook, completely ignoring Capone and his wrath.

This indifference "ells" Capone. He draws nearer Riddell, his fist clenched; his, and his head thrust forward. His lips are just that ten inches from Riddell's ears as he threatens, "I'll cut your throat if you ---- with me. Get that!"

"Oh yeah!" smiles the fearless Riddell.

Capone stalks off the courts, his bodyguards dropping in behind him.

He is joined by Durlap.

"Cut lame off the list," he orders. His tone is severe.

"Cut lame off the list," he orders. His tone is severe.

"What about the other guy -- Cowboy?" asks Durlap. (Riddell is known as Cowboy).

"He comes across in a week or takes the consequences," Capone answers.

"He's a rotten son-of-a-----!" Durlap informs Capone.

"I'll get him. He made me feel cheap in front of that gang of cheap convicts. That burns me up --- a no good like that giving me lip!"

"Don't work yourself up, Al. Leave it to me. I think I can handle him."

"How do ya mean?" asks the interested Capone. To him, tennis is the spice of life, and he wants it without trouble. If he can't get it right now, said Durlap, "about the entire time", he'll get it at any cost.

"Never hear of Short Shavers?"

"Short Shavers? No, don't think I have."

"It's the Record Clerk's secretary. Well, him and Riddell's like hell." Durlap makes the same gesture lame used when trying to tell someone how close Wilson and Riddell were.

"Then what?" asked Capone.

They continue to walk the cinder track, a recreation which provides an opportunity to repeat intimacies without the fear of a third party eavesdropping and listening. Guaris never "walk the track."

"I didn't fool you yet, have I?" brags Doc. "Every man you see with a woman, you don't like her."

"I didn't fool you yet, have I?" brags Doc. "Every man you see with a woman, you don't like her."

"I don't like either one of them, or the other, Doc. I'd rather have you, though. If you can handle it with that guy Short

no. have you, though. If you can handle it with that guy Short Clegg, or whatever you call him, C.R. by me. If you can't -- Riddell's doing for it."

Capone delivers the ultimatum. He has no intention of forgoing his tennis playing privileges. Particularly since he has just had

lunch. The lunch, of course, did not

unconsciously leaves it on the courts, but did accept the \$100.00 bill (under the coffee pot on his dinner tray) for the racket.

That same evening Lane confides to Short Shavinggs that Riddell has put himself on the spot.

"What do you mean?" asks Short Shavinggs.

"Did'n you hear what Capone told him?" whispers Lane, knowing that Shavinggs had heard.

"No; what?"

"He said if Cowboy gave him any lip he'd cut his throat. He swung at him." Lane looks around to see that no one is listening.

"What for?" asks the disinterested Shavinggs, having heard that Lane was a tale-bearer and trouble-maker.

"Got sore because Cowboy won't receive a court for him. You know,

Shavinggs, I been taking care of Al since he's been here. And he's been taking care of me. Cowboy's the one put in a snitch against me to Nelson.

I knew Nelson used to sit up in the Duck Hill and watch the courts. Well, Cowboy's gonna have his hards full now, for Capone'll knock the Hell out of him."

"Al, that's hokey! Anyhow, I don't give a damn what goes on on the courts. I don't play tennis, and don't expect to." With this parting shot Shavinggs walks off, leaving Lane puzzled. Lane feels that Shavinggs would rather not have heard the warning. Farha, he will repeat it to Cowboy. Perhaps . . .

It is thirty minutes before Bedtime. Cowboy and Shavinggs are enjoying hot chocolate and cookies. In so, disjunctive and peevish because his words to Shavinggs did not bring on a dissolution of the friendship between Shavinggs and Riddell, walks off to complain his crew to someone else.

"What the hellamatter with him?" Cowboy asks. "I'm here runnin' around all day like a nigger with its head cut off."

"Suppose he's worried about you?" Shavinggs teases.

"What about me?" Gasp's Riddell.

"I ain't any trouble down there today."

"Just a run-in with the D.G.O. Not that the Hell can we do about it?" Said Riddell cut my throat! You? Well, when that rascally b----er b----er careful whose it is!"

"What happened?" Shaving is concerned, for since Bidell admits it, he believes.

"Wants no reserve a court. Said he'll pay me. When we all lone. But that's what I'm down there for . . . to stop that criminal and connection business. Too many complaints from the other guys."

"Aren't you afraid of him? Afraid of his gang?"

"Say, that bunch of sissies he's got followin' him around would run if anybody jumped him. I know a gang is here -- and I know 'em well. Shaving, for I done time with some of them -- who'd just as soon burn him off as smoke a cigarette. They don't like him because of his damn attitude towards the other 'cons', and the way he gives them the go-by to fool around playing tennis with them bankers and judges.

"Say, can you keep a secret?"

"What do you think I'm working for Bates for? See any almanac around my neck?"

"No; this is on the level, see! You mark my word. . . . Capone's going to get it! There's too many birds in here who got it in for him.

Since he come here everythings tightened up. He's bought all the guards he could, and paid them well. The little guy can't get nothin' now. They got plenty against him, and if ever there's a riot in the Dining Room, good-bye Capone! Nobody'll ever know who did it!"

"Sort of optimistic, aren't you, Frank?" asks Shaving, addressing Bidell by his given name.

"Short," replies Bidell, "take my advice and lay off Capone. If he wants you do or get anything for him -- refuse! Now I know what I'm talking about. He had Stewart, who used to be Bates' secretary, on his payroll, before you c.o. Stewart's gone now. Anyhow, Capone's hot as a firecracker, and you've got three years to make. Parole, Buddy! Don't forget you'll want to make it."

"Thanks for the tip, Frank. But Capone'll not get me on his payroll. I'm not interested in him. In fact, I hardly know he's here, except in instances when some confidential report reaches the office. And then that's as far as it goes, for I know how convicts are. The ones you

think you can trust are the ones you don't. You know that?"

"Yes, you're right. But I'm warning you for this reason. Lano's told Capone that you and I are thick. See? And through you he might work me. You know I'd do anything for you. And if he knows that, you're going to get passed up in something it'll be hard to manage yourself from. I beenen in jobs before . . . a couple of them. I worked like hell on the Florida Chain Gang. It was hell. But I'd rather do it any day than put up with orders from Capone. When he's done with you — and you happen to know too much about him — he's got men out there who get you."

"Aw, quit talking nonsense, Frank. What good would that do him?" protests the doubtful Shaving.

"You want proof?" argues Riddell. "I'll give you plenty!"

"Your word's sufficient. But it certainly sounds like far-fetched yarn to me." Prison Gossip, you know."

"Well, it ain't," Riddell assures Shaving. "That's one of

the reasons I'm staying clear of him. He might become very good friends with him and me. Like him and Lano was. But then, after I leave here, what?"

"Get insurance?" laughs Shaving, dipping a cookie into

the hot chocolate and sticking a cigarette between his lips.

Riddell plucks his minimum cap on the chair, takes Shaving's cup from his hand and puts it beside him, then wrestles with him. There is much shouting and laughing as they playfully tussle, and Riddell places his knee on Shaving's back. With one hand he holds both of Shaving's wrists. With the other he reaches for the needle and thread at the head of the bed. He laughingly sews Shaving's pants to the bed, and having completed a job he believes lasting, he releases Shaving's wrists. Then, joining those who have gathered around, he laughs heartily at Shaving's efforts to "un-sew" himself from the bed.

This, incidentally, is not an unusual illustration of the friendship Riddell and Shaving enjoy. To the end, naturally, that the remarkable friendship is one Capone takes advantage of eventually.

Riddell's encounter with Capone tends to serve as a divide between himself and Lane, Lane feeling that Riddell had him demoted and Capone is taking no steps to rectify the injustice. Lane is determined that Riddell's promotion shall not go unprotected. He therefore, sets about to gossiping, relating his version of Capone's threat to Riddell. Knowing he is unpopular, it angers Riddell that Lane gossips and self-centered Lane appears "taken down a peg". He is, in truth, a vain and self-centered man.

a sensitive pride. - situation develops. It exists for days. Kiddehill

confides daily to the institution, which are not discussed between them. The institution, which is bribing him, frequently leaving a can of "Grand" tobacco or a box of candy, as "beats". Shaving's son tells Hilltell that Doc had approached him the previous evening, regarding information Cajore wanted about Major.

"What did you do?" asks Ringer.

"Like the perfect gentleman. I was I exclusively with, because of his close association with Capone, and the fact that he got into trouble, like me, no one ever held a conversation with him. You see, that ignores him. I'm telling just what I'm saying," April 12, 1934.

in a friendly, yet restraining, way, says, "I am sorry, Joe, I have no time to go and talk to you now."

WORTH FISHING BUCKLE & I MODELLED ON THE SOON INFORMATION IN  
HIS WORKS. IT WAS THE NORTH LITTLE ROCK, RIVER, -C. 1870.

I'll write letters for you or I can do it for you.

"By the way... Do you know anything about drawing up a will? Here, have a smoke."

"I helped myself to a cigarette, and resolved the radio earphones from my head, admitting while I did so that I was familiar with preparing wills.

"If you can draw me up a will, the regular kind, you know, I'd sure like you to do it. I don't think I'll ever make it here. Kinda gettin' me --- my lungs, you know. Cough all night. Weigh only 98 now. And that damned ranch in Arizona's going to cause a hell of a stink of trouble if I don't make some proper disposition of it."

"What kind of ranch have you?" I ask, just to be wheedled into satisfying Doc's insatiate desire for flattery. I had heard before, of course, that Doc delights in paramour dreams of grandeur.

"Covers about 3200 acres. I got twenty-one men working on it. I own several lots and buildings in downtown Los Angeles. And got safety deposit boxes loaded with jewelry and cash all through the West. If you want to pull along with me --- That is, if you do my private correspondence --- I'll see that you get well paid. But if you work for me you can't do work for these other cons. They'd be always prying into my affairs, and I don't want that."

"You know, of course, I represent Al. I used to attend to his men back in East St. Louis when they'd get shot. Damned many a one I pulled a bullet from, and saved his life and kept him under cover while the bulls were looking for him. That's why Al is grateful to me now. I've known him, you know, for about twelve years. Him and me's old cronies. Everybody in here don't know that, for I do lots of favors for Al, and if it got around it'd be just too bad for him and us too."

"Doc ranted on, and I weeded the true from the false statements as they tumbled from his mouth. You see, Fard, I'm a slick city feller. One of those kind who keeps it behind his ears. Deep water kind, you know."

It had often been remarked that Snovius, had he an inclination to pursue a criminal career, would stack up dollars as Porzi did. That truly arouses one's interest in him was his indifference to his surroundings. His attitude towards confinement was puzzling, his frequent jocund, and sometimes cryptic responses to "How're you making it?" (the prison 'hello'), having

Riddell, when apprised of Dool's proposition, urges Shavings to pass it up, and, not inclined to have anything to do with Dunlap ~~anyhow~~

"swell-headed", his position with Capone having taken on a decidedly favorable aspect, his locker being well-stocked at all times.

Shavings contends he will do as Riddell suggests.

Riddell, meanwhile --- unknown to Shavings --- is becoming

Capone, nonetheless, is paving the way for a showdown. He has never forgiven Riddell for the insult that "burned him up". Being a man who cannot keep a secret -- not even one concerning his wife and family --

Capone confides to Hackethal his desire to retaliate for Riddell's affront.

Hackethal, it will be remembered, is the twenty-five year mail robber, whose duties as Inmate in Charge of the Officers' Mess permits him

opportunity to earn a few hundred, assures Capone he will handle Riddell. Hackethal and Riddell have never had anything in common: hardly bidding each other the time of day. Nonetheless, Hackethal --- as is his method

when attempting to win someone's friendship for his own benefit --- begins feeding Riddell cheese, pork, cake and other delicacies through Shavings. Shavings himself is not intimate with Hackethal but is with Hackethal, former Director in Charge of the Prohibition Unit in West Virginia, and one of the famous West Virginia Lillies. Lilly, using Shavings for her cleverness in writing letters to women, to compose letters to the woman who had him sent to Atlanta through her deception --- and whom he still loves --- occupied the stall next to Hackethal's. This completes the picture of the four, and illustrates how Hackethal proceeds with his scheme to oblige Capone.

He'll leave the basement now, and take a walk to the tennis courts. It is morning --- between 9 and 10 A. M. Riddell, on his stockade

hour, is lounging in the basement. Lane is on the courts, whispering to Miller, an assistant. They stand close together at the far end of the courts.

"We are compelled to induce ourselves into the hose lane is using in order to hear the conversation. We cannot understand it, but from what we do hear it appears that Lane is begging Miller to accept five cartons of cigarettes from Capo. Miller is objecting for the reason that he doesn't smoke, nor does he ant to get into trouble because of Capone. We hear Lane assure Miller

accepts. Miller agrees under that condition.

At this time Riddell approaches, his hand outstretched. Miller calls to him, as Lane suggests, and propositions him. Riddell staunchly refuses. He has had word that Malone's wife to him, having been told by Guard Simpson that Capone's favors had been accepted, and that besides being paid for reserving the courts daily for Capone, Riddell is now taking care of Capone's shoes, sweat shirt and racket. This, of course, annoys Riddell, because he doesn't want to get into trouble through his action committed for Capone, having only a few months left before his release by short time.

Lane, from a short distance, pretends to be interested in rolling the courts. Miller walks to him, tells him Riddell refused, and, equally, he just too. Lane ridicules Miller for being a "scare-cat!", all this, and for the time being, forgets the attempt to "plant" Riddell.

Shavings - . Riddell and Shavings - . hot chocolate, sand-

which - . fruit and candies.

Lane - , offering; he'll only be "a minute". He then relates to Shavings his version of the incidents of the day. Shavings, in this manner, gets both side of all stories, for Riddell makes it a habit to discuss the happenings on the courts, to rumors, gossip and news, while Shavings holds up his part of the conversation & giving Riddell the "lowdown" on inmates written-up or violated, their punishment, and so on. In addition, betraying his no. 1 place to his superior and the institution heads, by relating what letters were sent and received, concerning various inmates, the "varicids", the "leishids" and other pertinent and confidential information.

It is our practice to get as close as possible to the ears of those we wish to know things about, and as we hop behind Lane's ears and peer at Shavings opposite him, we are astonished to hear Lane say:

"I know what I'm talking about, Shavings. Capone's got Comboy in a spot where he can make him do anything. Did Comboy tell you he was before the Dep about taking care of Capone's things? I'll bet he didn't! Hell, he was! And he denied it. Now, Capone threatens to tell the Dep personally, that Comboy does take care of his stuff, instead of Capone carrying it in and out like he's supposed to do. Nothing belongs to Capone is allowed

to be kept on the courts. Simpson told me to be careful, got in a jam because of that.

"Shavings, you're going to get into this dam' mess if you don't drop Cowboy. I'm warning you! Don't say I never told you. Capone's a big guy, and gets what he wants. . . and he wants Cowboy off the courts, and is going to get him off. Mark my word!"

"See you tomorrow," Shavings remarks as he rises to return to Riddell.

Lane stoically accepts the dismissal.

Riddell asks, "What's the shrimps want?"

Shavings tells him. Riddell laughs.

It develops that Lane, knowing where Capone's tennis articles are being hidden on the courts, and unable to longer control his envy and jealousy, "snitches". A "snitch" is an unsigned note dropped in the mail box and delivered to the Deputy Warden. Immediately it is read by the deputy, he orders Simpson to investigate. Simpson, aware of the situation, pretends a thorough search, but reports "nothing found". The deputy advises him to keep a sharp look-out. He promises to do so, telling Lane later to have Riddell move the things. Simpson, of course, having permitted the violation of the rule when Lane was in charge of the courts, cannot very well write-up Riddell for the infraction.

Shavings, through his assignment, learning of all official movements, urges Riddell to ask for another assignment before he is the center of a "blow-up". Riddell laughs at Shavings fears, but becomes increasingly sullen and morose. The gaiety and fun have ceased. Riddell no longer enjoys the hot chocolate and goodies, nor is he able to remain still longer than five minutes. He attempts reading, and gives it up in disgust. He listens to the radio, then throws the earphones on the bed, wearily cursing the program. He cannot visit and talk with anyone in the basement as his friends are less than the fingers on one's hand. Hackthall, the pretending friendship, does not encourage his visits.

Something . . . one cannot help but feel it. . . something is about to explode! And Capone, all seem to feel, shall be the one who sets off the explosion.

Things cannot go on like this much longer. . . It must happen. . .

Whatever it is it must happen soon. . . Today! Tonight! Tomorrow! The suspense makes the days seem endlessly long. A noticeable and gaping silence

Capone, except for occasional fits of temperment, when his voice becomes a nasal organo, remains serenely content and satisfied with his prison world in so far as accomplishments are concerned. One, standing invisibly near him and capable of reading his mind, is amazed at the perfect and astonishing mechanism that his brain controls. One can see, as it were on a chart, a centrifugal and directing control leading to numerous points, each designated by a flashing star. As the star designating Riddell and his proposed removal from the court, flashes

Flashes it carries a remembrance to the control, reminding him that there is an unfinished job --- a task to be performed or completed. The star is an unfinished job! A job, that designating Hackett and his proposed removal from the court, flashes intermittently. The star indicating Hackett, nearby, reflects the flash.

The star designating Doc does likewise.

An unfinished job! A job, that when completed, will lessen the reminders and thus grant relief, for there

are many flashing stars on the brain chart.

And, as if by a decree of the gods, an event occurs which necessitates immediate action. It is May 24, 1933. It is visiting day for Capone. Three hours association with his family -- the 24th, 25th and 26th.

The Capone family enters the front gate, receiving an unusually cordial greeting from Mr. Wesley, the front gate guard. They are as is customary, required to give their names to the inmate warden's runner, Lee Hagenback, No. 42000. A word of friendliness is uttered by Lee. Being in an ill humor this morning, Mrs. Capone directs a contemptible glance at Lee for his greeting. It grates on her nerves. She reports it to her esteemed husband. Al raves because a convict dared to speak to his wife!

It is the spark which sets the wheels of retaliation in motion!

Hackett is informed Lee must be "bumped off". And, the edict is: Riddell must do it! Thus, Capone, in one swooping order, has his vanity eased.

Hackett reluctantly consents. He assures Capone that Riddell will do it, in turn informing Riddell that he (Hackett) dislikes Lee because he has a habit of coming down to the Officers' Mess and boldly cutting himself a piece of pie and sloppily eating it, his action preventing that

certain pie reaching Capone because it had been

That evening Riddell gets his orders,明白 that he

obeying a relayed order from Capone. He believes it is to obtain his  
The conference between Hackethal and Riddell last evening

even had ice cream brought for Riddell, he never making it a point to  
carry food himself, delegating that danger to someone else who was promised  
remuneration at some future time. He is too cautious to risk being caught.

Officers' Mess loaded down with concealed food. Capone's delicious were  
occasionally undelivered for this reason, though the inmate whom caught,  
could not deny that the name written on the concealed parcel was anything  
but CAPONE. He (Capone) however, was seldom mentioned when the inmate

was written-up for the violation.

An assault, when unaggravated, is a serious thing. It means  
forfeiture of Good Time. An aggravated assault, on the other hand, may  
result in only ten or twelve days confinement in the hole, and reduction  
to Third Grade. A Third Grade prisoner, of course, is denied all privileges.  
It, therefore, is agreed that the assault must be an aggravated one, as  
Riddell has 252 days Good Time at stake. He is assured \$600.00 if he makes  
a successful job of the assault.

"I'll kill him deader than hell!" he assures Hackethal, who is  
now in a position where he must comply with Capone's decree.  
"All right. But keep your mouth shut when you get over the  
Dep's. I'll see that you don't get much punishment. Take my word for  
that," Hackethal advises.

"I know. Leave it to me. I don't like that guy Lee, anyhow."

Hackethal, it happens, was awaiting a decision of the United  
States Board of Parole. He had served one-third of his twenty-five years,  
had been duly heard, and his case continued to Washington. He could not  
risk open complicity in the deed about to be performed, but it stands to  
reason, he argues with himself, his refusal to obey Capone might result  
in his being considered yellow. He must not, on the other hand -- if he  
can prevent it -- place himself in jeopardy. Thus, Riddell is urged to  
pick a quarrel with Lee. . . One loud and serious enough to cause the other  
inmates in 'A' basement to conclude it was a private quarrel between Lee

Returning to his bed at 9:30 P.M. -- thirty minutes before the

lights are extinguished -- Riddell appears to have been subjected to a "shot" or dope. He is strangely exuberant. Lane is frightened, and cannot understand why Riddell is so talkative and friendly with him tonight, because since his demotion Lane has been practically ignored by Riddell.

"Boy," he toils Lane, "a bag's going to burst tomorrow, and you don't want to be under it."

"What do you mean?" asks the frightened Lane.

"Wait and see!" laughs the tormenting Riddell.

The conversation -- comprised of Lane's despairing questions and Riddell's gloating, torturing bits of warning -- goes on until after midnight.

Riddell asks Lane if he still stashers Capone's things. Lane replies in the negative. Riddell laughs, remarking:

"Simpson, the big farmer, locked right at them today and pretended he didn't see them. Even he's afraid of Capone. Some guard!"

Lane is unable to sleep that night. Riddell, after a restless night, rises at 5:30 A.M. Lane rises shortly thereafter. Immediately after Riddell has left the vicinity, Lane seeks Shavers' advice. Shavers confesses he heard part of the conversation, but is at a loss to understand, or even conjecture, what Riddell meant by a "bag bursting".

Riddell's unusual quiet creates comment among the other inmates. His rising is usually accompanied by loud, boisterous talking and sarcasm. Charred drum is suspended in the air. One feels impending events are now about to reach a climax. The flames Riddell casts at Lee, in his stall, are fraught with malevolence and hatred. Lee, ignorant of Riddell's intention, does not notice him.

It is now 6:45 A.M. Riddell stalks to the front of the basement, where the breakfast line forms at 7:00 A.M. He returns five minutes later, and prances up and down before Lee's stall. He covers a distance of about twenty-five feet in his determined walk, each moment his anger and nerve increasing. No one has the faintest idea what is disturbing him.

Lane and Shavers apprehensively watch him.

"What the Hell's eatin' you?" asks Patton, a jovial 300 pound ex-Factmaster. Riddell ignores the remark. Patton's stall adjoins Lee's.

...he passes for the twentieth time Lane, in a slurring manner.

remarks to Lee about the "new officer on the tennis courts", referring, of course, to Riddell. Riddell does not hear the whispered slight. Lee makes some hasty response, as do one or two others in the vicinity. The inmates ready for breakfast, are gradually proceeding towards the front. Lee and several others dally and tarry behind. Riddell, meanwhile, exhibits a ferocious, murderous look each time his eyes rest on Lee.

The time has come! Riddell cannot longer delay the execution of Capone's sentence! Lee must not leave the basement this morning. . . .

alive!

He must die! He must pay, with his life, because Capone's vanity was offended by Riddell! A price indeed for so worthless an article. Little does Lee dream, as he laughs and talks with other inmates and makes arrangements to play ball with them that afternoon, that Tragedy is stalking him and reaching out its hand to grasp him! Little does he dream that the crazed, brutal, offensive Riddell has given him less than ten minutes to live!

The signal to leave for breakfast is sounded! All are in line, prepared to march to the Dining Hall. Mr. Cook, 'A' basement guard, is up at the head of the line --- now out of sight. The line stretches back two hundred men in length. They stand there, laughing, talking. . . joking. . . discussing the morning paper's headlines.

"Let's go!" someone says as the line begins to advance. Lane, Shavers, Doc, Lilly and three or four others sit on a table facing the diminishing line. They are quiet and apprehensive, for they, more so than the others, are concerned with Riddell's movements. Riddell takes his place at the extreme end of the line. Lane, and those sitting on the table a few minutes since, fall in about twenty-five men ahead of Riddell.

Then, before anyone can utter a word, scream a warning, or make any effort to halt him, Riddell acts. He scratches up a piece of lumber 10" x 2" x 4", and brings it resoundingly down on Lee's head! There is a sickening crushing of bone. . . . Blood spurts out over the inmates standing nearby.

Before it dawns on anyone what is happening, Riddell turns another blow upon Lee as Lee's hands sag and consciousness is leaving him. The second blow flings off Lee's shoulder. He falls to the concrete floor. Riddell

casts the piece of lumber from his hand and races up to the head of the line. The astonished inmates draw away from the prone figure on the concrete floor. Mr. Cook, noting the commotion, walks back. He sees the victim of the murderous assault stretched out on the floor. His eyes travel to the silent inmates. Useless, he knows, to question anyone now. He'll get nothing from them. Not now. . . . Later, when he gets one of them alone. Lee is rushed to the hospital. Riddell goes on into the Dining Hall with the others.

"Shockin'!" "Mardonous!" are the comments of eye-witnesses. The whispers reach Riddell as he eats his breakfast. The man rapidly travels throughout the Dining Hall. Inmates rise to get a glance at the assailant. Riddell does not heed them.

Behind him, in a voice sufficiently loud enough to arouse his anger, someone remarks:

"It was yellow!" This remark causes Riddell to turn his head. In a loud, threatening voice Riddell warns the speaker that he'll get the same thing if he doesn't keep his mouth shut.

And Capone? Capone, when he learns that it necessitated seventeen stitches to close Lee's wound, expands his permanent smile and mutters, "He got what was comin' to him. A couple more get that and

the 'll know who in Hell's runnin' this joint!"

These, his exact words, brought on most of his ensuing troubles.

There is an investigation to determine what instigated the assault on Lee. Riddell refuses to tell the Deputy Marshal why he committed the assault. This refusal costs him loss of grade, the Dep'ty Marshal ordering his punishment be confinement in the hole until he gives a promise of obedience, his transfer from the Tennis Court Detail to the Tailor Shop, and Reduction to Third Grade, thus depriving him for four months of stockade, movie, mail and other privileges.

It is whispered, as things usually are, that Capone made such and such a statement. The thing to do, the officials decide, is put "it" in "stoolies" to work. The "stoolies" weave in and out among the inmates. One never knows who is and who isn't a "stoolie". Chokin is in a position to know, for the statements of "stoolies" pass through his hands before they are filed. But it is dangerous to point the finger of scorn at a man in the penitentiary, and Chokin, we have pointed out, is too clever to risk confiding too much in anyone.

The investigation, as it proceeds, follows a strange, non-linear course. Assigned to the Officers' Mess is Shu-ni, a Chinaman called Mr. Graduate of Stanford University, who is serving four years for violating the Drug Act. He has been assigned to duties of C.I.D., and comes in in uniform. He stood, from a walth-C. inmate family, he is to be successful in his task.

Knowing this, and also knowing what Capone is up to, he is all and renters an enormous suit case, until now the "cocks" have refused to do carefully and tastefully prepare, in imitation of the jail bars, so as to spoil. Machinist does not feel that he could put it off, although he has been informed that he was getting sufficient compensation. He tells him, however, that when he finds Capone he will find a life sentence from Capone awaiting him.

He does not find Capone in this. "I am so old," he says, "I have left and found that Capone is a good man, worth living for." He is told to go to the Tailor Shop to see his officer, and he goes. "A good Tailor is a promise to his officer," he says. "A good Tailor is a promise to his officer," he says. "A good Tailor is a promise to his officer," he says. It would bring disastrous results for Mr. Capone, until we find out.

(Hackathal) would be transferred to another institution, and Wu, who had promoted to his position. But he is too ambitious. There seems, at this time, no satisfactory solution to the troublesome problem of keeping Wu quiet. Wu is called before the warden as a result of rumors to the effect that he is "ripe" to divulge some information regarding Capone. Warden promises to hasten Wu's departure if he will talk. Wu, a gentleman, refuses to do so. The warden tells Wu he (the warden) knows of Capone's influence, and how he successfully manipulates the strings on which bank partners, judicial and a dozen others, Wu, he says, knows of this too, so won't he tell?

"No, no no squeal," protests Wu.

"Isn't it worth something to you to get back to your wife and children in China?" tempts the warden.

"No; maybe not. I no rat, Warden."

"But you know that Capone is paying money for his food, don't you?"

"To whom does he pay it? That's all I'm asking you. I'm not asking you who takes the food to him, or who prepares it for him. I know that you will who takes the money? Who brings it in? You've seen some

blackie who gets the money?"

"He no plenty 'tink. He no touch money, no talk."

"Well, do you want 'plenty things?'"

"No talk," Warden. Too danger talk."

"You ever hear threatened, 'Wu'?"

Warden remains silent, a furtive look in his eyes. He reflects.

He remembers, that he dare not go to stoicade. . . . That he has not been at stoicade, that he dare not go to stoicade. . . . That he has not been at stoicade, that he dare not go to stoicade. . . .

Warden remembers the incident in the kitchen of Capone's place. Wu, one of Capone's placed men threatened him with a gun if he (Warden) would agree to let their Capone's food. . . . how he resented that. . . .

"Remember? Yes, he remembers?"

"You hard my question, Wu?" gently asks the warden. "More you ever is return, if?"

"Never, we no talk. We no say yes, we no say no. We mind my business."

"Again, how fruiless is his inquiries, the warden dismisses

"... a task to call him at a future date.

102.

is to do so, reaching Fentors and Hacketthal, causes them great strain. And when Capone learns of it, new threats reach Wu. However, Fentors and Hacketthal, after much deliberation, prevail upon Capone to have \$600.00 waiting in San Francisco for Wu, to be delivered to him before he sails. This money was delivered to Wu at the docks, in exchange for a threatened written statement to the warden --- the sword of Damocles that Wu held over the heads of Fentors, Hacketthal and Capone!

It is June 6, 1933. The Director of Prisons has arrived. On the 7th a conference, attended by the Director, Warden and Record Clerk, is held. The topic is Capone and the stories reaching Washington, through the Dining Hall "snitch box", that he is "running Atlanta". It becomes necessary for instructions to be issued to all discharged prisoners that

anyone talking or writing about the institution, or Capone, subjects himself to return to the institution to serve his full term; and perhaps prosecution. No. 303, as we all, are ignorant creatures, and for that reason need the +punkt.

It is the practice of the Director, when visiting the various institutions, to grant selected interview requests. After these received on this visit I ask Mr. Lane, Lane's proposal, is his request, to inform a Director of all the known concerning Capone's activities. . . if +punkt

DISCUSSION WITH DIRECTOR LANE AND DIRECTOR MURKIN

The interview did go on. "The Director does not just sit idle."

"I am not a snitch, you know, like others do when . . ."

"I understand, I am not a snitch, for his own liberty is not beyond him's knowledge. He is given an interview.

The Director of Prisons, Mr. Murdock, rates in a conference with the Director of Corrections, Mr. Lane, no importance and consideration. To cover his tracks he does not accept his request for personal interview. He does not like to be interviewed, but he does not want to be interviewed. Mr. Lane, however, is not so easily put off. Mr. Lane, however, does not consider, however, that it is best that Lane's proposal take is off. That is, he does not feel that Lane's proposal is correct in a proposed change of procedure to be taken.

"What do you care to investigate? Mr. Murdock?"

"I do not consider, if the Director cared to drive into it, what would determine that Capone paid Mr. Bell 500.00 to run his dinner service in reward for a year, all true. I consider it good proof, C. O. --- or for any business I might run for a satisfaction on himself -- and for the Director justice is to . . ."

In elsewhere, after inquiries it is learned that Mr. Lane had obtained \$500.00 from Capone! Certainly, a man who can distribute \$500.00

be exciting something for it! We shall see!

And what is this? A request from Capone for an interview  
all, he had intended seeing him anyhow. Bring him in!

Important of the fact that Lane had "squashed his head off",  
and with the determined purpose of "buying" the Director, Capone, arrayed  
in his robin-egg blue shirt, freshly laundered, pressed trousers, Florsheim  
shoes and black knit tie, faces the Director of Prisons.

Unfortunate we could not listen to the conversation that took  
place, but I must rely on Capone's repetition as authentic. He contends that  
the Director is on the make. In prison parlance, the Director can be bought!  
Unjustly, confident disbelieves it. In fact, calls Capone a fool for believing  
it... Capone admits he knows of what he is talkin', and admits that when the  
airplane crashed to him he knew of Dr. Beale's being on the pay roll, and  
of Dr. Nicky Nelson on the pay roll, he KNEW SOMETHING! And instead of giving  
Dr. Bill, or anyone else for his bribery, he indicated that he, too,  
was a fool. Unjust, of course, is taking things for granted.  
Unjust's confident warns Capone it is a trap. Capone dismisses  
Unjust's confident with anyone.

"I don't care who can handle anyone!"  
Capone laughs. "I lied! - couldn't call him a liar. I had to show him that  
I was serious about his bribe, to me, and I'm willing to pay for what I  
want." - "I'll get out of this joint! He sees that now. You watch ---  
I'll get you full or my name ain't Capone!"  
"What do you mean?" asks him if you ever see

The following day an investigation to determine Capone's position in the institution is conducted. The tray sent to him at the hospital, daily, is "knocked off". The news reaches Hackethal immediately. He rushes to Capone's cell in order that they can prepare an alibi to withstand disownance, the blame for the tray being placed on the shoulders of the "jig" delivering it. He, Hackethal outlines to Capone, should receive \$100.00 to compensate him for the punishment that will be meted out to him by the Deputy Warden, whom he confesses he stole the stuff while Hackethal's back was turned.

It is then agreed that the food will be sent to the laundry guard, concealed in the proper place in the box, reaching there it can be delivered and eaten in the Shoe Shop.

Learning of the interference, and with a desire for increasing his allowance from Capone, Dr. Lynn suggests the food be sent in his box, (Each Guard or civilian, not desiring to eat in the Dining Room of the Officers' Mess, may have his meals delivered in a box or on a tray).

To avoid being deprived of it at any future time, Capone orders that with each meal delivered a can of fruit, vegetables, soup, ground coffee and other edibles in cans, be sent along. These, he outlines, can be "stashed" until an occasion demands they be brought forth. Doc, he insists, can safely "stash" them.

Doc, Hackethal argues, is a "rat" playing both ends. No good! Capone, with a wave of the hand, silences Hackethal.

"But I don't want him to get anything on me. He squawks to Head. I know he does. Haven't the guards told me? I come in contact with them every day. Al, he's going to get you in a jam sooner or later!" Hackethal's envy makes him bitter.

"He's turning me - and a good trick here. I've paid him well, and he's not got in in a jam yet. You do what I say. Let him take care of the rest." Capone, confident of himself and Doc, overrules Hackethal's objections.

"I wouldn't let him know anything about me, but if you say so."

O.K. Remember, I got a lot to lose. Sure you. He's only doing four years."

The fact that Doc, an exceptionally clever and shrewd crook,

has so successfully gained Capone's confidence, and obtained all his hospital

connections for him, convinces Capone that he is worthy of trust. This,

coupled with the fact that he does not associate with other inmates (because

they dislike him, of course), makes it doubly convincing to Capone that he is

safe. Capone, in Doc's hands, is now like the piece of string Doc wrapped

around his finger when he told Capone how he could handle the "quacks".

At this time Riddell is released from solitary confinement.

During his confinement Hacketthal managed to smuggle him several mails.

His first concern is the promised \$500.00. Where is it?

"You know who's going to pay it, don't you?" asks Hacketthal.

"You, I suppose," replies Riddell.

"You did that for me, you say!" Hacketthal laughs.

"For Capone?" says the astonished Riddell.

"Sure!"

"Then will I get paid for it?" Riddell asks.

"It'll take time, you know. I guess you'll do it when you

get out."

"Darn! Time! Always time," complains Riddell. "Well, get this, Riddell. If I don't get it -- --!"

The truth is left unspoken. Hacketthal puts Riddell on trial, really. Riddell has his doubts.

The doctor and nurses in Capone's ward scold. Riddell has his doubts.  
"For Capone, Riddell," Riddell mutters. "I guess Marvin's was right. Leo gets run-in with Capone's wife, but? Did Capone want to kill Leo? Leo got his lugs, is that it? And you said you had to fight against Leo!  
I see, I see. Get me with it."

"Don't worry. You'll be yours, Frank," Hacketthal consoles.

"Get it!" says Riddell contemptuously. "Some more of that  
prison stuff!"

"Well, for Christ's sake, don't you trust him?" asks Hacketthal.

"Only as far as I trust any other convict here. I'm not a  
liar in here. Always promising. You know as well as I do what no boy in  
here any more takes him at his word. They want their money...not promises.  
Hachlochel very well knows this to be true." Capone has spoken  
too many. Unintentionally, he apologizes when reminded, since his agents  
in the institution are responsible for the dispensation of the money.

However, Riddell feels Capone could insure that his "no promises"  
Arl Capone could. . . if he intended it be paid!  
Then Riddell discovers he can't even "buy" a can of tobacco.  
He calls on Shavers and Patton. Shavers produces it, his regard and friend.

Ship for Riddell having never ceased throughout all the unpleasantness,  
Lee, released from the hospital, requests an interview with the  
warden. It is granted. He informs the warden he has determined to have  
Riddell charged with attempted murder, and incidentally name Capone accessory  
before the fact!

The warden, having since learned in detail who instigated the  
plot, sees Lee to be less hasty; particularly at this time. Lee, deeply  
offended and bitter, insists.

After his dismissal from the warden's office he writes a letter  
to his father, detailing the incident. The letter is not permitted to leave  
the institution. Lee is called before the warden and forbidden to write or  
the letter. Lee is called before the warden and forbidden to write or  
the letter.

"all right," he concludes. "I'll get the message there just  
as you like."

And he does -- through an inmate who is leaving the institution.  
Lee's father learns of his son's danger, and how Capone  
had succeeded in having his decree executed, he communicates with Lee.  
Lee's father sends his wife's card, a disclosure of Capone's activities  
district 15, Riddell's, his wife's card, a disclosure of Capone's activities  
in the district 15, (a secret) removal immediately. He is helpless to  
do anything. Through the promise to Lee that he would aid him in making  
it up to Lee, Lee's son sent to drop the proposed charge.

For the present, the warden tells the deputy as he mops his brow,

(Lee, ironically, has denied parole)

June 16th. . . Capone is holding sway on the courts. His game is exceptionally good today. He has had a long conference with Bookthal, and it is understood between them that any man Capone desires assigned to the Officers' Mess will be assigned at a cost of from \$100.00 to \$300.00, depending on whether he is a dishwasher, waiter or baker. The list of new prisoners is scanned daily, their financial position outside determined through inmates in the Morale Office, and a contact man interviews them. Prospects are propositioned diplomatically. They are offered the cream of jobs in the institution. . . assignment to the Officers' Mess, with its advantages -- better food, opportunity to form connections (if desirable), and afternoons idle.

At one time, when the bigger bootleggers of the country were being sent to Atlanta, jobs in the Officers' Mess sold for as little as \$500.00 and as much as \$1000.00. Stalls, in 'A' basement, were sold by Mr. Pike ( now in charge of the Fire Department) for from \$50.00 to \$100.00, depending on how much the inmate had.

Anything could be bought --- except freedom!

Capone, now smacking the ball higher and yon, feels a sense of security that he has succeeded in placing most reliable men in the Officers' Mess. He removes his undershirt and stands stripped to the waist. Men are permitted to remove top shirts when playing tennis -- never their undershirts. If playing basketball or handball, top shirts may be removed. But a man not enjoying some recreation is forbidden to remove his shirt. Someone calls Capone's attention to Captain Head standing on the slope behind. Capone casually looks over his shoulder and resumes his playing, remarking:

"The Hell with that shirt. He won't tell me put my shirt on!" Head, undecided what to do, walks away. Capone is right...

Head wont tell him!

June 30, 1933. Tennis rackets are being destroyed by Company at the rate of three a week. Those selling their rackets are unable to secure more. Hardly a decent racket remains. FIFTY dollars for one is the

average price he pays now.

Dr. Lynn, learning of the situation, decides to take up tennis. He buys a moderately priced racket. The racket, next day, is owned by Capone, having brought the insufficient sum of \$100.00. On the following Sunday it is completely destroyed by Capone because the ball he used at apparently went "through it". He has the most difficult time convincing his partners that he will be misses actually pass through the quarter inch holes in the racket. At first he wins some articles when he jumps on the court, but gradually loses more and more.

"Little boy, have you seen Santa spark?" one called.

"is by little war breaking his racket again." Price said.

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late. Messages records are placed in the office; messages from  
clients are read and action taken.

Capone. We have to suffer for it. (Some friendly concurrence.)  
Capone. The chimis are baked red, tender meat are cut out and gristle inserted. The chimis are baked especially for Capone; the Grissle fed the officers as part of their roast. In this way every ounce roasted (Grissle is not washed, of course) can be accounted for by hacienda.

So today we can endure no more. We have had the right and the  
lost, before and behind, complaints and disgusting remarks concerning the  
food.

"I'm sick of this garbage!" an old timer whines.  
"Aint dat Hell, fecking us dat trash?" another complains.

"Want dat hell, I wanna ...  
"and Capone eatin' chicken! Imagine it! A convict like us!  
'At +ouch for us, Buddy, believe me!"

"C'mon, it's sure made us nervous," says one of the men.

"No, I'm sorry, I'm with you," our neighbor agrees.

First we hear a man's voice raised in protest.

"... something to eat! ... something to eat!"

The cry is echoed from the other side of the Dining Hall.

and the poetic reactions was from behind. . . . One from up  
the hill makes a roaring cry, composed of three words:

**WANT SOMETHING TO EAT?** *Call the NC B&I*

In other cases it is accompanied by the banging on various parts of the body.

late on the search tables. And our feelings that he is lost somewhere in the jungles

total pieces, which were  
approximately 1000000000 of savannaes containing a large as they could

**RUSTIC INGENUITY.** Guards blanch . . . Their fingers are  
thin & tremble. They cannot

... a previous visit with clues. They remain silent until the  
crisis is reached. . . when the men start hurling things and

AN ARTICLE; call it sent to Captain Madden. He is the only man  
in our party who, like a patriarch, so nonchalantly walks into the  
cabin. He has no friends or enemies. He knows they are

III.

food! He explains this to the Deputy Warden, Immobile on the platform overlooking the Dining Hall. This understanding pacifies us. We finish our coffee and return to our cells before going to evening stockade. And the food, next day, is an improvement over what we had been getting!

July 4, 1933! The boxing bouts are on. The men who did not go to the movies are swimming over the yard. Few men work on a holiday, giving to practically all an opportunity to enjoy the day. The big attraction on a holiday is the boxing bouts. There is betting of cigarettes, as on the baseball games. A syndicate, composed of wealthy inmates, holds the stakes. At many as 3000 cartons of cigarettes exchange hands each time a boxing bout is held.

Capone is close to the ringside, fumers, leeches and his bodyguards surrounding him. He has bet \$1000.00 on one man! Cash! The bet is with Dr. Hendrix. In addition to that he has placed minor bets with inmates and guards. He stands ready to win in the neighborhood of \$5000.00--if his man wins.

He does win! Capone's man always wins! The opponent, knowing he is liable to win by suffering defeat, doesn't hesitate to lose, regardless of how good a fighter he is.

The word passes. The rumor that Capone has collected, and his crew, has "a couple grand" in his possession, creates a conspiracy among two--a Veltch (so named because of an attack of yellow fever in the troupe), Jim. Illinois, Farkash (leader of a proposed mass delivery at Leavenworth, which resulted in his transfer to Atlanta), and The Barb--will find no mate, ruthless characters. . . men who regard life worthless and a thrill.

Each of the inmates, because of his record, has been assigned to the Tailor Shop. Ten in the Tailor Shop have a desire of obtaining dangerous weapons. Consequently, a run to kidnap Capone is conceived.

Saturday, Consequently, a run to kidnap Capone is conceived.

Saturday: In within the very walls of the Atlanta Penitentiary! On D.C., Playing tennis, he carried a message. It reads:

"Get up on the basketball field 2:30, alone. Important!"

"A friend."

A friend of the guard's son, and at all times cautious, yet having to find an opportunity, Capone, after a conference with two of his friends, proceeds to the basketball court. Tall, tall, slim and athletic, he reaches the goal post as Capone, too late to receive his friend's message, arrives on the scene of activity because his bodyguards are

trailing him -- steps on the field. Whether to turn back now or see what Williams wants is the thought dominating his mind. He is aware Williams is part of a prison gang which despises him and his associates. Capone, deciding the former decision would be best, turns on his heel, and is about to retrace his steps, when Two-Gun Yellow, Fontaine and The Duke file in. His Pals, completely surrounding him.

"Hoof John!" Two-Gun barks, his hand concealing an automatic which bulges menacingly from his sweater.  
 "What's this, a hold up?" Capone asks, glancing up to the slope where his bodyguards have been stationed, and are now motionless all at their will.

"Want that? You got over there?" Two-Gun prods Capone with a pistol. Fontaine, riding Capone with a raised knee. Capone, for a visiting society, solicitor, raises a restraining finger towards his captors and demands they should wait -- and obey Two-Gun Yellow's command. Yellow lies in the midst of the quartet of blackguards.

"I want the grand in the yard, Capone. We want it now! You don't leave me until I get it delivered! No call one of your pals up there and tell them we're screwing him! He gets it, get us!"

Capone realizes Two-Gun means business. He beckons to one of his bodyguards, a small, frightened creature whose spectacles come down, again, again.

"Tell Joe -- give you two grand. Pronto!" Capone orders.

"All right!" shouts the bodyguard, taking the situation in.

In a long, silent trudge away towards the hospital.

"Joe . . . we will still find Capone I guess. They must then

have some . . . big action, that kid wrist-watch shows it is

about 10:30 . . . I do want to produce the two grand, what then? If they . . . I . . . I do want to produce the two grand, what then? If they . . . I . . . I do want to produce the two grand, what then?

Two-Gun busily surrounds the man. "On the yard, what then? Inform me fully, saturating the man . . . on the yard, what then?"

Two-Gun busily, he concludes. They are desperate, dangerous, inform me fully! He admires their spirit . . . truly admires them! It's information, criminal! No admires their spirit . . . truly admires them! It's information, criminal! No admires their spirit . . . truly admires them! It's information, criminal! No admires their spirit . . . truly admires them! It's information, criminal!

The minute passes rapidly. His messenger has not returned.

"He's certainly had ample time to see Doc and return with the money. What can be keeping him? What delaying him? Doc's got the dough!"

Capone glances again at his expensive wrist-watch. It's tiny  
mid-point to 4:10. Capone raises his eyes towards the steps leading to  
the stockade. His efforts to enjoy conversation with his captors are fruit-  
less. Little more than mumbbling escapes their lips.

Capone's mind is in a turmoil. He digs the toe of his tennis  
shoe into the soft clay of the sand-lot. The silence is unbearable! He is  
becoming uneasy. Impatient. . .

He blanches again at the watch. 4:12 P.M! How the minutes

drag endlessly by, he reflects!

Three more minutes! Three more minutes! Then what?

Once again he raises his eyes towards the steps. Perhaps his  
messanger was detained by a guard. Perhaps Mr. Mack, the hospital guard,  
is conversing with him. Perhaps Doc has a patient, and not aware of the  
seriousness of Capone's situation, is compelling the bodyguard to wait!

Perhaps a thousand things, he involuntarily mutters, damning Doc.

How the minutes drag! How long they seem! His eyes travel from

the gold minerals on the wrist watch to the concrete steps in the distance.  
Inmates are gathering at the foot of the steps, waiting for the signal to  
ascend and go to their cells. In a minute he will be out here, alone, at  
the mercy of those four desperate men!

"Why can't that guard in the tower see what's going on? Why does

he not look down and try to understand? He walks round and round. . .

All recreational activities have ceased and the yard proper is  
deserted except for the men at the foot of the steps ready to return to  
their cells. Nelson, the guard on the yard, stands at the head of the steps.  
An iron bar is clasped in one hand, a watch in the other. He, too, is count-  
ing the minutes. He evidently does not see the five men on the basketball  
court. He does not know Capone is kidnapped! He knows that it is his duty,  
at 4:15, to strike the triangular iron with the iron rod..

He strikes it!

Capone's heart skips a beat. The men climb the steps and dis-

appear behind the Duck Mill. Capone is now in the hands of his enemies!

They want \$2000.00 for his release. They defy any attempt to rescue him! They are their prey. . . Their past! They need money, and will need it often, while I am their prey. . .

After all, they argue, he's no better than they are. Just

had better luck, that's all. A politician outside. . . They were in it for the thrill. He went in it for power! Well, they'll see how much power he has in here. . .

Power! The Dard laughs as he thinks of it. Power! A hollow lot of good his power is now.

"Let's go in, boys," whimpers Capone, his nerves shattered.

"Can't this be settled later?"

The gunmen look at each other.

"One of your rotten tricks, is it? Bluffin' us by sending that punk to Doc. . . Hell, Buddy, you got it comin' to you, and you're gonna take it standin' up -- like a man! That's our boy! . . Let him have it!"

Two-Gun addresses the assemblage, his eyes peering blearily, almost closed lids.

"Wait a minute!" Pontello interjects. "Capone, we wait 'till

grand, get me! We're gonna get it! Savvy? Do yo or don't yo?" "I got ya," Capone utters. "You see, I position, boy. Don't you? I sent for it. That wasn't a stall. You guys know I don't pack greens (money). You'll got it; don't worry about that! You'll see this on the Q. T., won't you?"

"That'll cost half a grand," The Dard speaks up.

"C. R. That's your word?"

"Or the level. Get in the two and a half grand and we'll forget it." Two-Gun informs him.

"That's gonna take time," Capone growls.

"How much?" Williams asks.

"Give me till my visit. If I have to bail him out,

someone here, it'll leak out. I'd have to tell what the money's for. See how I'm fixed?"

"All right! Right after the visit, then. And price . . ."

that's two and a half Grand's too much for us to pack in here. Now don't send me to a month's sojourn (lawyer). He's the Devil take care of it! No we can use it."

"Guts me," George exclaims.

"Well, get you the panel later. Let's get in now. Here comes Bumder-South Wilson."

They proceed up stairs, ascends, and are about to turn corner of the Dool Hill, when Wilson steps close and mumbles something about having on stockings after the bell has been rung. No one answers him, which causes no further attempt to reprimand them. George, who had spent a restless evening, waiting telegraphic word from his brother, to whom he had a message wired relating his

Prize-fight, is dumbfounded.